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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED

JOURNAL OF ART

LITERATURE AND

CURRENT EVENTS



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## "SHAMROCK" AND HER OWNER

THE PICTURES ABOVE SHOW THE BRITISH CUP CHALLENGER "SHAMROCK," WITH SPINNAKER SET, RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND OFF SANDY HOOK, AND HER OWNER, SIR THOMAS LIPTON (ON NEAR-SIDE OF BOAT), ACCOMPANIED BY CHEVALIER EDUARDO DE MARINO, PAINTER IN ORDINARY TO H.M. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND, IN THE LAUNCH OF THE STEAM YACHT "ERIN" NEAR THE ANCHORAGE IN THE HORSESHOE AT SANDY HOOK

PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE

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An Illustrated  
Journal of Art



Literature and  
Current Events

## WEEKLY

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New York September Twenty-three 1899

**A**T THE HOUR when we write, the prospect of averting a war in South Africa is again overcast. The Transvaal Government has withdrawn its offer to grant full citizenship to those Outlanders who have resided five years within its territory and to give the gold mining district a larger number of seats in the Volksraad than was demanded by Sir Alfred Milner at the Bloemfontein conference. This step has been taken because Mr. Chamberlain declined even to discuss the renunciation of England's claim to suzerainty, upon which the offer was conditioned. It is expected that an ultimatum will be presently addressed by Great Britain to the South African Republic, and that a reply will be exacted within a definite number of days. If the ultimatum be rejected, war will undoubtedly follow, and American citizens will have to determine on which side of the contest their sympathies ought to be ranged. This question obviously involves another—namely, whether Great Britain has a right to prescribe the terms under which British subjects resident in the Transvaal shall be admitted to the franchise. She certainly has no such right in international law, if the Transvaal is an independent commonwealth. The inquiry is, therefore, narrowed to the point whether the independence of the Transvaal was so limited, either expressly or by implication, in the Convention of 1884 as to give Great Britain a right which she would not otherwise possess. That this question should be answered in the affirmative is assumed by the British Government. In the Queen's speech proroguing Parliament, her Majesty was made to say that the position of her subjects in the Transvaal is inconsistent with the promises of equal treatment on which her grant of internal independence to that republic was founded. Were those promises merely verbal, or were they embodied in the Convention of 1881, or in that of 1884? It is a well-known principle of international law that verbal promises made in the course of negotiations, but not embodied in the treaties ultimately concluded, are not binding. Now, there is no doubt that, in 1881, when the first convention was under discussion, President Kruger, being asked what treatment would be given to British subjects, replied that all strangers then had, and would always have, rights and privileges equal to those of the burghers of the South African Republic. That was his personal belief, based, evidently, upon the fact that, at that time, gold mining had not begun, and there were few, if any, British subjects residing in the Transvaal. Neither he nor the British representative

then imagined that the matter would ever become of much importance, and, consequently, the latter neglected to get Kruger's personal promise sanctioned by the Volksraad, and imbedded in the Convention of 1881. For a like reason, the same negligence was shown when the Convention of 1884 was framed. There is not a word in the latter instrument about the concession of equal political rights to British residents in the Transvaal. Nor can an agreement to make such a concession be deduced by implication from the clause reserving to Great Britain a faint trace of suzerainty. Absolutely the only basis for the British claim to suzerainty left in the Treaty of 1884 is the provision that the South African Republic will conclude no treaty or engagement with any State or nation, other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the Republic, until the same has been approved by her Majesty, the Queen. We add that, if the Queen should fail to signify her disapproval within a fixed number of months, a treaty would acquire validity. It is, manifestly, impossible to deduce from this agreement with respect to international relations a right to such drastic interference with the self-government of the Transvaal as would be involved in the dictation of the terms on which resident aliens should exercise the franchise. As for the notion that British subjects should be allowed to vote in the South African Republic without forfeiting their British citizenship, this is clearly incompatible with even the pretence of internal autonomy on the part of the South African Republic. But, while the Transvaal has a lawful right to give or deny the franchise to Outlanders, it is morally bound to treat them with as much liberality as is not repugnant to the sense of self-preservation. Onlookers are at liberty to differ as to whether or no President Kruger has fulfilled this moral obligation.

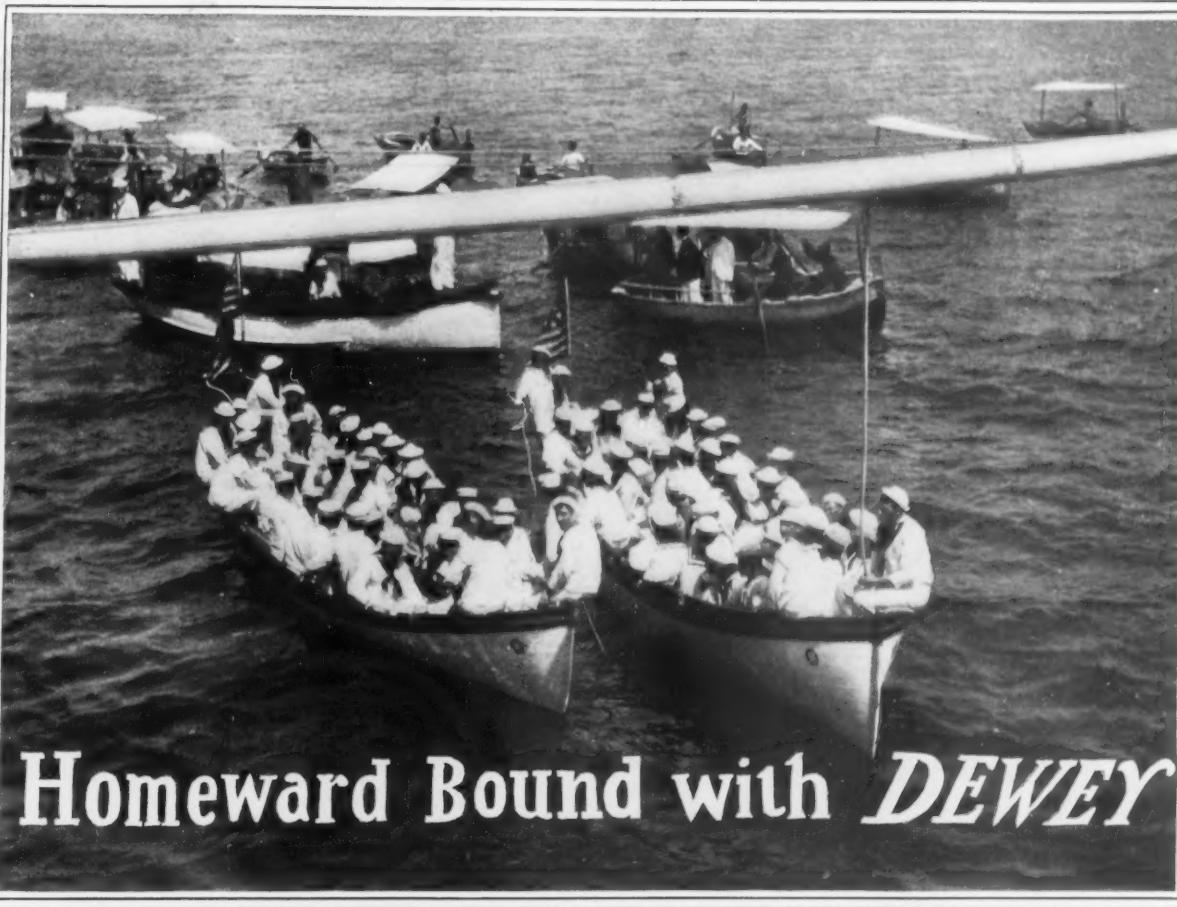
**T**HE SECOND TRIAL of Dreyfus is over, and by a vote of five to two he has been convicted a second time of treason. The sentence, however, is no longer imprisonment for life, but imprisonment for ten years in a French fortress. At the hour when we write, it is uncertain whether the years of torture passed on Devil's Island will be counted as part of the term prescribed in the second sentence. To what power can the friends of Dreyfus now look for redress? In France, the sentence of a court-martial cannot be set aside at the discretion of the Minister of War, or even of the President of the Republic, though the latter may pardon a convict, thus restoring him to liberty, but leaving him under the stigma of guilt. An appeal lies only to a higher military court, which is permanently organized, and which is more likely to be influenced by the General Staff than is a court-martial. Should it reaffirm the adverse sentence, the prisoner's sole hope lies in the Minister of Justice, who may, if he choose, direct a commission, half of whose members are designated by him, while the other half are selected from the Court of Cassation, to inquire whether there is ground for referring the Dreyfus case a second time to that supreme tribunal. We should have faith that thus a remedy for injustice might be found for the strange declaration lately made by President Loubet, that everybody in France ought to abide by the judgment of the Rennes court-martial. There is no doubt, however, that the revision machinery would be set once more in motion, if the German government should furnish the friends of Dreyfus with new facts in the shape of the identical papers mentioned in the bordereau, together with such letters of Estherazy's to Schwarzkoppen as would prove beyond the possibility of doubt the former to be guilty of the crime for which Dreyfus has been wrongfully convicted.

### WHO ARE THE PRESIDENT'S BEST FRIENDS?

**T**HE INVOCATION, Save me from my friends! is applicable only to a part of the ostensible supporters of an Administration. The advice of those who are known or suspected to have personal ends in view is, of course, disregarded by every upright Chief Magistrate. Let us hope that few men of this kind come near enough to the Executive to be denied. Among those, however, who are not thus discredited in advance, and whose title to be heard is based on recognized disinterestedness and good will, three classes may be distinguished. There are those, in the first place, who, although animated by loyal motives, are disqualified by ignorance and shortsightedness for tendering helpful counsel to the President, and from impelling public opinion in the right direction. Such were the men who, after the destruction of the

*Maine*, and even after the official report that the explosion was due to an exterior cause, proclaimed that there would be no war, and did their best to assure the fulfillment of the prediction. There are those, in the second place, who assume that an American President is omniscient; that to offer him advice of any sort is an impertinence, and that the sole duty of a faithful partisan is to await in silence the announcement of his policy, and then to give it unquestioning support. Examples of this species of friend are to be found in the blind party organs that express no ideas of their own, but keep their ears to the ground to catch the faintest whispers from the White House, and, meanwhile, refrain from giving any information or suggestion that might be useful to the Executive. There is, luckily for the country and for the party in power, a third class of citizens, who attest the honesty of their goodwill, not by misleading though well-meant pressure, nor yet by obsequious reticence, but by disclosing opportunely the real significance of events, by deducing from them the right lessons, and by pointing out the consequences of misinterpretation and delay. How greatly might the President have profited by the support of men of this kind, not only willing, but able to advise him, during the eventful months between Dewey's victory at Cavite and the signing of the protocol in Washington? To the indecision evinced by the President and by his advisers in the State Department at that period may be traced the genesis of the rebellion under Aguinaldo, the suppression of which has cost an outpour of blood and treasure as needless as it is grievous. If, at the time when the protocol was signed, our Government had firmly demanded the Philippines, Spain would undoubtedly have ceded them, provided we had consented to assume the Philippine debt, and it would have been far cheaper in the end for us to assume a debt of \$40,000,000 than to spend three times as much in the assertion of our authority over an unwilling population. Had such a position been taken by our Executive in the beginning of August, 1898, the fact would have been instantly communicated to Manila, and the Filipinos would have acclaimed with enthusiasm the prospect that for Spain's misrule would be quickly substituted the large liberties enjoyed in every Territory as well as State of the American Union. Unfortunately, our Executive, unenlightened by well-informed and far-seeing councillors, pursued the very course certain to inspire the Filipinos with distrust and to serve the turn of a self-seeking and wily adventurer like Aguinaldo. Instead of demanding the Philippines in the protocol, the President insisted only on a provisional occupation of the city of Manila, leaving the vital question of the fate of the islands to be determined by a peace commission in which Spain would have an equal voice. It was also asserted, and not contradicted, that Mr. Day, then Secretary of State, and the chief of our peace commissioners, was going to Paris with the belief that all we needed in the Philippines was a coaling station, the inevitable inference being that the islands would be left to the hideous misgovernment of Spain. We are convinced all the bloodshed which has since occurred, and of which the end is not in sight, would have been avoided, if, immediately after our victory at Cavite, the President had possessed a sufficient number of well-informed and far-sighted advisers to impress upon him the present and prospective value of the Philippines and to infuse in him the resolve to acquire them in full sovereignty. Had he been surrounded at that time by wise and determined, instead of ignorant and timid, councillors, he would have promptly complied with Dewey's earnest request that a strong military force should be sent at once to Manila, and, when Spain made overtures for peace, he would have plainly declared his purpose with reference to the archipelago. He is now thoroughly alive to the portentous difference between ignorant or sycophantic henchmen on the one hand, and bold, outspoken, competent advisers on the other. He has suffered enough from fool friends to welcome candid and timely admonition. We are well assured that those who misled him for a while with regard to the Philippines will not be suffered to mislead him with reference to Cuba also. He will pay no heed, we may be certain, to those betrayers of the national honor who whisper that the Cubans are unfit for self-government; that our promise to give them independence was a hasty one, and that it ought to be evaded in the interests of the Cubans themselves. He knows that our self-denying pledge was embodied in a joint resolution passed by both Houses of Congress and approved by himself; that it is, consequently, the law of the land; and that he could not break it without subjecting his country to the contempt of mankind, and without exposing himself to the penalties of impeachment.

LIBERTY MEN OF THE "OLYMPIA," AT NAPLES, WAITING TO BE TOWED ASHORE



## Homeward Bound with DEWEY

By FREDERICK PALMER, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY WITH THE ADMIRAL

LEGHORN, AUGUST 18, 1899

**H**E NEVER said as much to a foreign admiral, any more than a foreign admiral who felt in the same way said as much to him. I have other authority for the conviction that our admiral finds official calls by proxy an excellent institution. Official calls there must be, if we are to have international law, and tourists when they visit foreign lands would avoid taking a conquering army with them as a passport. It is by these tokens that nations express their friendly feeling at the same time that they let one another know of the existence of their forts and men-of-war. "You have a beautiful ship," says—he may be an honest, truthful man, and believe her an old tub—the gentleman in a cocked hat who goes on board the visiting vessel.

"You have a beautiful harbor," says—he may be a truthful, honest man, too, just as surely as the harbor is a breakwater in front of a low-lying beach—the gentleman in fatigue uniform who has received the gentleman in the cocked hat and conducted him to his cabin.

Then the gentleman in the cocked hat goes back to his own ship, as his headquarters, to change cocked hat for cap, waits for the other to put on his cocked hat and return the call, when they say the same things over again.

You can see the hypocrisy of it; yet you can see the danger of it, if they should say, "So your old tub didn't founder on the voyage, eh?" and "What a mudhole of a harbor you have!"

Gradually the thing is being simplified. The time may come when it may all be done by pressing buttons on a patent saluting-and-exchange-official-courtesy-machine in the signal-tower at the entrance to a port. Slipping the blank shells into a five-inch breech-loader is an improvement over the nine-inch muzzle loaders of the old days—they required a little fortune in powder, half a day's work to salute the port, and an admiral or two—which the youngsters of the navy fail to appreciate. An officer of the *Olympia* recalls a piping hot day in the Dardanelles, when a fez and a coat covered with gold lace came aboard to say that a Turkish admiral was entitled to nineteen, not seventeen, guns, and the Jackies had to do the salute over again. Flag-lieutenants, who have to keep track of the regulations, have been known to express a prejudice for the Chinese method. Chinese forts give great and small, lieutenants commanding torpedo boats and admirals commanding fleets, all the same salute—three guns—when they have the fuse and powder. Whenever they have not, they send word to the visitor that if he would like a salute and will lend them the materials, and perhaps the gunners, he may have it.

Whatever his attitude toward them as a recreation, the admiral is certainly a very good hand at official calls. An easy address is half the battle. He lends them a form which formalities seldom have; as he

stands at the gangway with outstretched hand of welcome, he is the picture of an urbane and delighted host. Though he has to speak through an interpreter, the conversation never lags. He likes to have all who are coming to make official calls appear in rapid succession, so that he can be off in his barge to repay them before he has time to lose his enthusiasm. If he had his way, when he arrives in a port at daylight he would have all the calls over by the rising hour of the average maritime prefect; at least, by ten o'clock. Next to official ceremonies, impatience is most wearing on him. If he himself were ever late for an appointment, the event has not been recorded, as it would be almost to a certainty on account of its extraordinary nature.

Like most men of great talent, he has peculiar traits. There are some things which are as hard on him as making a speech—trying to make one—was on General Grant. An hour's wait for an official visit takes more of his strength than five hours' extra work at routine duties. The *dolce far niente* manner of the officials at Naples in paying their calls, tho—a banquets and receptions at Naples! These made it necessary, by making the admiral ill, for Captain Lambertson both to pay as well as receive the official calls here.

He was never well enough to be out of bed for an hour after the prefect, the general and the admiral had left the flagship. Then the card of Gignar Mazi, vice-consul of the United States at Leghorn, was brought to him. The admiral recognized the name at once. Any naval officer on the active list who has ever been on the European station would. Gignar Mazi has been our vice-consul at Leghorn for thirty years, teaching consul after consul his duties and how to speak Italian, and then, having finished the task, has seen the graduate go away and the new pupil come. He has been kind to them in their hours of darkness without being proud; and he has never made their ignorance his own profit, as some vice-consuls do. Throughout Leghorn he is familiarly known by his good-nature, his expressive voice, and his By Jingoes, not to say By Thunders.

"By Jingo, sir, he saw me; saw me, sir, by Jingo," he said. "He's the same Dewey. By Thunder, there's no side about him. When you see some of the fellows in gold braid strutting around—fellows, by Jingo, that never smelled powder—yes, by Jingo, sir, and think they're pretty smart! And, by Jingo, when this man that wiped out a Spanish fleet, like knockin' the ashes off a cigar!—changed the destiny of a nation!—asks me to come right in before he gets his coat on—By Jingo, sir, it makes me thundering proud to be vice-consul of the United States, sir."

"You haven't grown old a day," he said.

"And you haven't," I said. "By Jingo, we're both young men yet."

"It's a long time since we first met, Mr. Mazi," he said. "I was an ensign on the *Wabash* then. You've

seen me an ensign, a lieutenant, and a captain, and now you see me an admiral."

"Yes, by Jingo," I said, "and I see you what you ought to be, by the Mighty Thunders."

"He's one of my boys. I don't forget these fine fellows that come here on our Uncle Sam's ships, by Jingo. I remember George Dewey an ensign, lieutenant, captain. Straight up and down, shipshape, orderly, gentleman, by Jingo. A little of a lord, a little of a martinet, in that way he had of carrying himself. Never a lord in what he said and did." By Jingo, I knew there was something in him.

"When I heard of that battle of Manila, I nearly jumped over the deck, and said: 'That's my captain of the *Pensacola*, by the Mighty Thunders.' He made the Jackies toe the mark, and now he's put the Spaniards under the yoke." My George Dewey! The time I have spent with him was worth a year of my life, by Jingo! Ah, we who were youngsters in the fifties when we meet again have the advantages of you youngsters of to-day. The grand man. I wanted to put my arms around him and fold him to my heart, by the Mighty Thunders."

If an untrained consular service always produced such lovable, faithful and capable vice-consuls as Mr. Mazi I should be in favor of it.

It is remarkable that Leghorn, this out-of-the-way place, should also have a superior man for consul, Mr. Goult is from Vermont. He actually speaks the language of the country to which he is accredited. With one from his own State, the admiral felt perfectly at home.

"If you would really care for it, I should like to give you a luncheon or hold a reception for you at my home," said the consul.

"Now, don't; please don't," was the reply of one speaking to home-folks.

"I understand," said the consul.

"Have you read 'David Harum'?" the admiral asked. "Isn't it very true to some of the people we know up in Vermont?"

Then he and the consul called up all the people in Vermont whom they both knew, and enjoyed themselves immensely.

The tropics tear down and never build up. How quickly the air on this side of the Suez will reclaim tissue killed by the air on the other side of the Suez is a *sine qua non* of the British colonial service. The man who has suffered from the blight of the tropics, once he is past the canal feels as if he were in the first stages of rapid recovery from typhoid fever. Cable after cable must have been sent from Trieste on the state of the admiral's health. Those American tourists who come here must have read these cables. Nevertheless, they expect to find the admiral a pale, emaciated being, with bent



INTERIOR OF THE FORWARD TURRET,  
SHOWING NAT PHILLIPS, GUNNER'S  
MATE, OPENING BREECH OF THE GUN



CHAS. C. MITCHELL, BUGLER,  
AND THE BUGLE THAT SOUNDED  
"GENERAL QUARTERS" FOR THE  
BATTLE OF MANILA BAY



"SMOKING LAMP'S LIT!" THE SIGNAL  
FOR THE SAILORS TO HAVE A LITTLE  
SMOKE AFTER MEALS

shoulders and dyspeptic air, instead of a dapper, hale, erect man, looking to be fifty instead of sixty-one. Managing editors continue their requests to correspondents to ask him the same old question. His usual reply at this time is quite to the point. "Look at me!" he says, with his shoulders thrown back and the flush of health in his countenance. I think it is the only question, outside of questions relating to his private affairs, which bores him a little. He is never impolite. Every American he meets says: "Oh, but you can't imagine what a reception they are going to give you in New York," or, being an official and a little familiar, "You will be in for it when you get home," to which the admiral always makes a pleasant reply, which might on occasion lead the speaker to think he had given the man who received more than a hundred cablegrams of invitation in forty-eight hours at Manila a great piece of information. The admiral's readiness with little phrases is amazing, but not as amazing as his manner of speaking them. He is likely to say: "So I have heard!" In cold print that might be taken for sarcasm. In the mouths of a Mansfield, a Goodwin, and a Coquelin combined, it could be given a score of different meanings. As the admiral says it, with his eyes twinkling, it is at the absolute opposite poles from sarcasm. It makes the speaker feel quite at home; and the next moment the admiral has changed the subject from himself to the flagship or his dog "Bob." The flagship, the officers, and the guns and "Bob" are his life preservers. If somebody showers compliments on him, he steps so deftly to one side that you scarcely

realize it, and there is Captain Lambert or Flag-Lieutenant Brumby or Private Secretary Cauldwell, or whatever officer is present, made by a word from the admiral the recipient of the whole downpour. What the officer wants to say is: "Please, admiral, let me find a nook where I can hide." Instead, he does the best he can, which is fine practice in self-possession.

The officers of the wardroom, where fever claimed every man a victim after leaving Colombo, are now the keenest of all in denying that lie that there were ever livers on board of the *Olympia*. Of course, livers may have been talked about at Manila—but Manila is history. The first requirement in the wardroom is that you shall not be a historian of Manila.

They may talk about the peculiar resemblance between a burning Nepa hut and Lieutenant Nelson's Manila cigars—the lieutenant returns torture for torture by reiterating that he has more than enough to last him to New York—but they never talk of the part they played in the battle. That is a peculiarity of most officers of the regular army and of the navy. I never heard Colonel Stotsenberg, Colonel Egbert (who died as nobly as man can die), General Funston, Lieu-

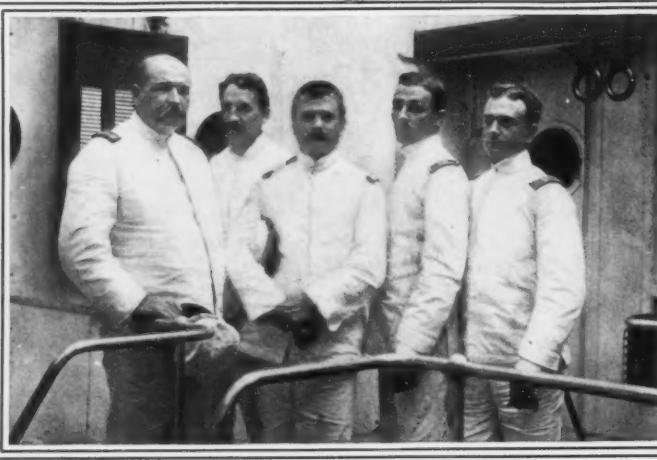
tenant-Colonel Wallace, Captain Wheeler, or any one of a number of equally courageous officers in the Philippines telling how brave they are, any more than I have heard the same thing from Captain Lambert or any other officer of the *Olympia*. Such talk seems to be reserved for certain correspondents who fall into wells on their way to the firing line, and for officers with political appointments who get the information as to whether their outposts are driven in or not from their brigade commanders.

Just now the badinage directed to one lieutenant who had a sword of honor offered him by his native town has been directed to another, the Board of Aldermen of whose town want to escort him from New York to his home. The officers of the wardroom are very grateful, for they appreciate the kindness and the feelings of their fellow townsmen—but what they can't understand is why anybody wants to make so much fuss about a few fellows who did what they were trained to do, when they were told to do it. They cannot make speeches; they already begin to feel embarrassed at the prospect. Their inclination is to hide, as I have said. Some of them have wives; others have sweethearts whom they have not seen for one or two years. And what is the hospitality of New York beside a sweetheart? Most of them, I think, would prefer slipping quietly in at the back door at home without any band to escort them, and having a glass of milk and a piece of apple pie with the family; for they are Americans and not Orientals.

FREDERICK PALMER.



AH LING, ADMIRAL'S STEWARD



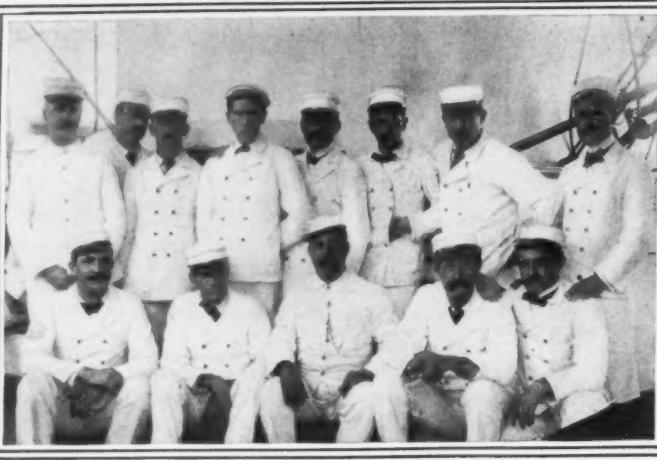
CHIEF ENGINEER BAILEY AND STAFF



P. LARSEN, GUNNER'S MATE



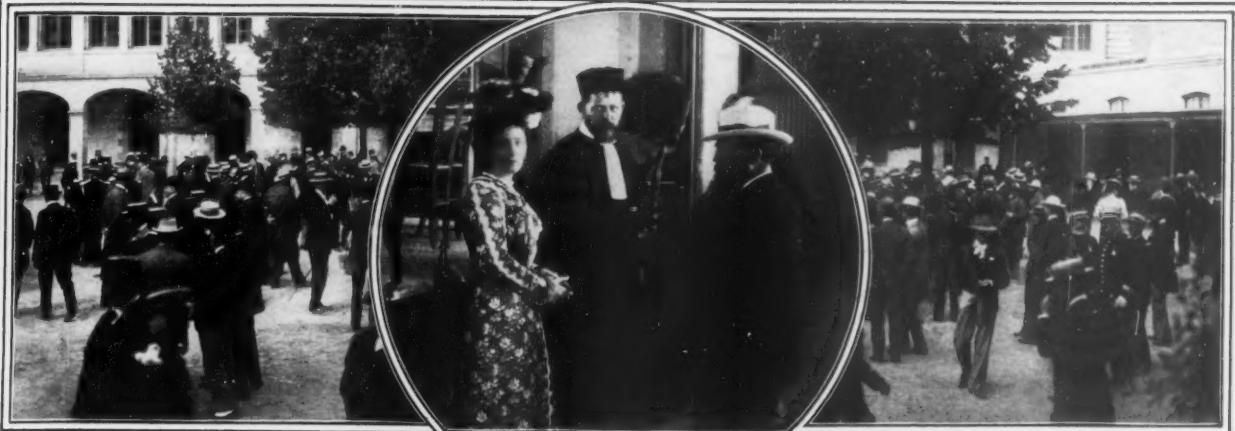
"SNOWBALL"



THE CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS OF THE "OLYMPIA"



"SAGASTA"



THE LYCEE COURTYARD DURING A RECESS, AND LABORI AND MME. LABORI IN COURT AFTER THE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE



STOCK, THE DREYFUSIST EDITOR

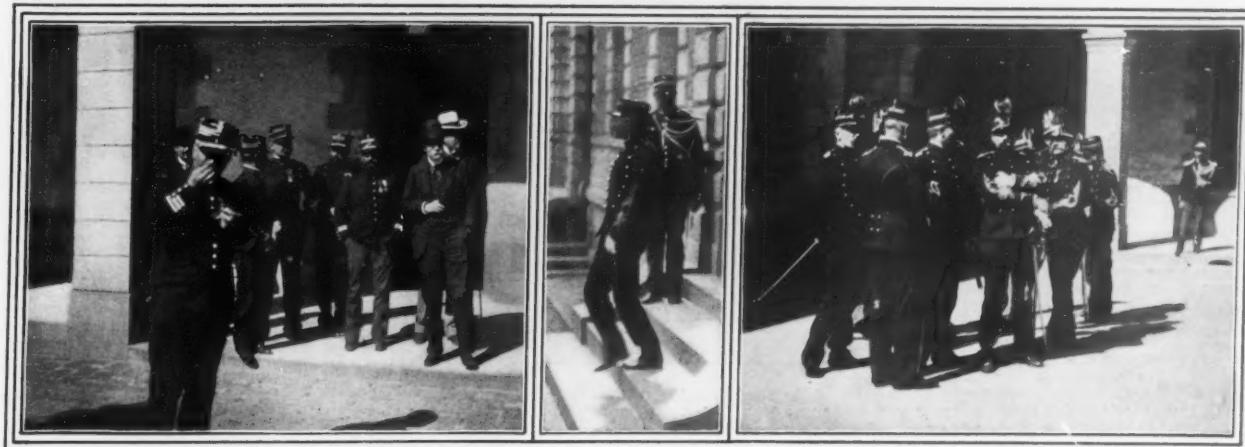
DREYFUS (ON THE RIGHT) REFUTING AN ACCUSATION

MARCEL PREVOST  
AND M. COLLENOT



HANDWRITING EXPERT BERTILLON'S COLLECTION OF HIEROGLYPHICS  
CARRIED FROM THE COURT

BERTILLON EXPLAINING HIS  
SYSTEM



FORMER COMRADES OF DREYFUS WHO  
TESTIFIED AGAINST HIM IN COURT

DREYFUS RETURN-  
ING TO HIS CELL

THE MEMBERS OF THE COURT-MARTIAL  
IN THE COURTYARD

THE LAST SESSIONS OF THE DREYFUS COURT-MARTIAL AT RENNES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT RENNES, V. GRIBAYEDOFF



CHORUS OF THREE THOUSAND CHILDREN IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY REVIEWING THE PARADE.  
"DIPPING THE COLORS"

THE COURT OF HONOR



THE G.A.R. ENCAMPMENT AT PHILADELPHIA

## THE G.A.R. ENCAMPMENT

**T**HIE thirty-third annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held in Philadelphia during the week ending September 9, was made notable by the presence of the President and of Admiral Sampson and his fighting ships.

The North Atlantic Squadron, comprising the flagship *New York*, the cruisers *Brooklyn* and *Detroit*, and the battleships *Indiana*, *Massachusetts* and *Texas*, sailed up the Delaware Monday afternoon and anchored opposite the city. A tremendous tooting of steam whistles and fervent cheering from multitudes gathered along the river-bank gave them welcome.

President McKinley, accompanied by Secretaries Root and Wilson, and President Schurman of the Philippines Commission, arrived the same night. The progress of the party to the Hotel Walton, where they were quartered, was a continuous ovation.

Tuesday was the day of days for the old soldiers. Although, according to the official reports, death had taken eight thousand of them since their last reunion, there were thirty-five thousand in the great parade which began to move along Broad Street at 10 a.m. The President, who had previously been driven over the route, sat for six hours on the reviewing stand at the City Hall and watched the veterans march by. For two blocks on either hand the procession passed through the "Avenue of Fame," marked out by massive columns surmounted by golden eagles at the street corners, with shorter pillars in the middle of each square, all connected by festoons of laurel and bunting and strings of incandescent lamps.

From the review, the President proceeded to visit the warships, going first to the *New York*, where he was received by Admiral Sampson. Just before his arrival, it was discovered that the squadron was without a President's flag. In this dilemma, such an ensign was observed flying from a passing ferryboat. It was promptly borrowed and run to the masthead of the flagship.

Tuesday night the President appeared first at the welcoming exercises in the Academy of Music, and afterward at a banquet in Odd Fellows' Hall, where he and Admiral Sampson were the guests of honor. At both places he spoke briefly, and, as on the street during the day, was greeted with vehement and vociferous enthusiasm.

While, in the parade of the Naval Veterans on Monday, men who fought with Farragut and men who helped destroy Cervera's ships marched together, a proposition to admit participants in the Spanish war to membership in the National Association caused a split in that organization. The majority decided against the new veterans, and the delegates from

Farragut and Boggs Associations withdrew to start a rival order.

After selecting Chicago for the next encampment, and electing Colonel Albert D. Shaw of Watertown, N. Y., commander-in-chief, the Grand Army adjourned on Thursday.



COLOR-BEARER OF RICE POST, G.A.R.

A picturesque feature of the encampment was the "tent city" in Fairmount Park, where ten thousand old soldiers lived under canvas, as they did in the sixties, responding to reveille and taps, and conforming to the law of the camp.

A parade of the slipping in the port, with Admiral Sampson's squadron as the central feature, brought the festivities to a brilliant conclusion on Friday.

## THE WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL

BY EDGAR MELS, EX-EDITOR OF THE JOHANNESBURG "DAILY NEWS"

**O**NCE AGAIN is the question of might versus right being tested—this time in South Africa, misnamed "The Land of Good Hope." Great Britain, with her might of wealth and population and arms, is opposed to the little South African Republic, armed only with the right to exist, and, incidentally, with a fairly bountiful supply of Mauser rifles and Gatling guns. It appears an uneven fight at first glance, but so did the conflict between the same powers in 1881, when the battle of Amajuba Hill forced Gladstone to end the war.

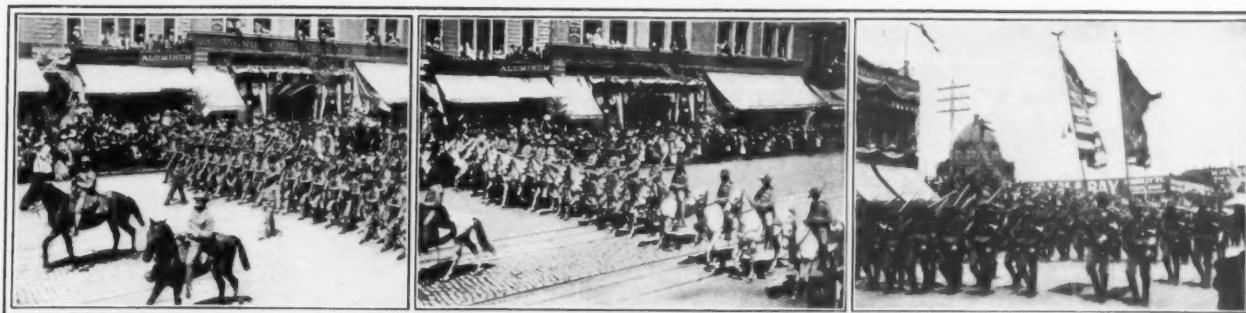
At the hour of going to press all indications pointed to war. Advices from various parts of South Africa brought news of the occupation of strategic points on the part of the Boers, so that when this is being read the fate of the doughty little republic may have been partially decided. This is the way the Boers figure out the situation:

"The cause of the conflict is self-evident—Great Britain's land greed. She needs the South African Republic to complete her chain of possessions from the Cape to Cairo. It is the dream of Cecil Rhodes materializing, so what matters it whether a few thousand poor devils, more or less, have to yield their lives that civilization may be preached at the mouth of the canon, as it was in India."

"The Transvaal is probably the richest country in the world, as far as minerals are concerned. The output of gold for this year is estimated at one hundred million dollars—sufficient cause for England's anxiety to wrest the country from the control of the Boers. Mr. Chamberlain's claims as to suzerainty and franchise are mere subterfuges. If he were honest, he would admit that Great Britain wanted the Transvaal, and would get it by might, even though right were outraged."

The unequal fight between the Cape Dutch and the all-conquering Briton dates back nearly two hundred years. Driven from Holland and France through the persecution of the bigots of those days, the Huguenots sailed for far-off Africa, seeking the land of good hope of which such fabulous tales had reached them. They settled the land, became tillers of the soil, and, being temperate, hard-working people, they prospered and multiplied. This aroused the envy of the European nations, and soon the Dutch at the Cape were forced to fight, first the Portuguese, and then the British.

The latter took absolute possession of the Cape early this century, and established the Cape Colony. For some years Dutch and Briton lived peaceably; then came disagreements, and, in the early forties, the Boers



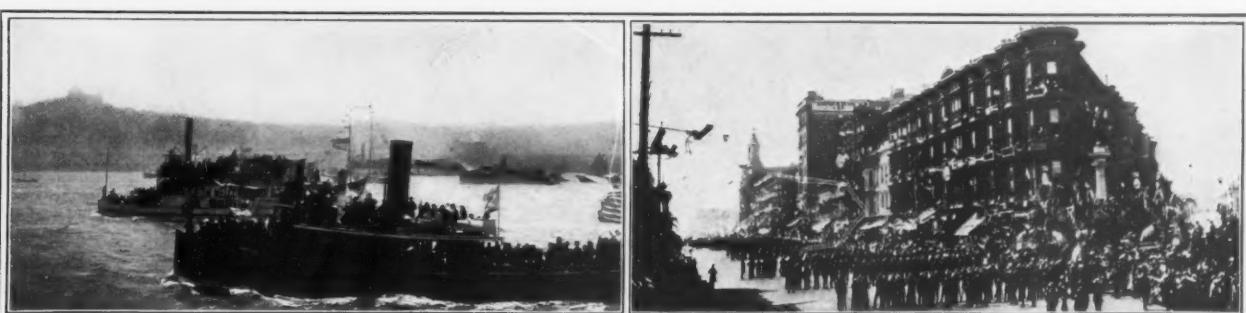
DETACHMENTS OF UNITED STATES TROOPS HEADING THE PROCESSION



THE CAMP AT THE PRESIDIO

THE REGIMENTAL BANNERS

ON THE "SHERMAN'S" DECK



THE MARINE PARADE IN THE BAY

THE RETURN OF THE FIRST CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS TO SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 25

began their famous "trek" north, across the Vaal River, where, after terrific fighting with the savage Zulus, they vanquished Dingaan, their chief, and established the Zuid Afrikansche Republic (South African Republic).

For nearly twenty years they were permitted to live in peace, and then came the discovery of diamonds in Griqualand West, about six hundred miles north of Cape Town. Again did the Boers have to trek, this time twenty miles beyond the Vaal, where they were left in peace until the war of 1881.

In 1880 gold was discovered in the Witwatersrand (Edge of the White Waters), and soon there was an enormous influx of the riff-raff and scum of the earth. Men (and women too) wanted by the police of their respective countries for every conceivable crime rushed to the gold fields, thirty-five miles south of Pretoria, and soon Johannesburg arose phoenix-like from the ashes of honesty.

Then came the man whom nature provides for just such emergencies—Cecil Rhodes. Associated with him were Barney Isaacs, better known as Barnato, who two years ago committed suicide; Alfred Beit, and others. They plotted and schemed until they had enmeshed the Duke of Fife, and, so gossip alleges, even the Hon. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Thus fortified, they determined to gather into the fold of the British South Africa Company, chartered, the lands of the South African Republic.

The disastrous Jameson Raid resulted; and then the company sought to attain their object by demanding concessions from the Transvaal government. Mr. Chamberlain demanded a franchise for the Uitlanders which would have put them in control of the government within two years. In addition, he sought to obtain the concession that British subjects, desiring to become citizens of the Transvaal, need not forswear allegiance to the queen. Of course this was bound to end in disagreement and the disagreement to result in conflict.

Having given this short outline of the causes of which the effect is now in evidence, it may be of interest to compare the forces opposing each other. The British have about ten thousand men near the scene of operation. They are armed with the Lee-Metford and the Mauser rifles, with light artillery and Hotchkiss and Gatling rapid-fire guns. The home force, to be despatched the moment war is declared, will consist of two cavalry brigades and six infantry brigades, including four battalions of the Guards, one Irish and one Scotch brigade. All these troops are now at Aldershot, and will be under the supreme command of Sir Redvers Buller.

The Boers can muster nearly eighteen thousand well-armed men, mostly mounted, and all armed with Mausers. Included with them is the Staats Artillery,

*i.e.*, horses which have been inoculated against the tsetse fly and the rhinderpest, both of which are apt to play havoc with the green horses of the British cavalry. There are three other factors which must also be considered in this game of military chess—the Afrikanders, or native-born whites, the Orange Free Staters and the natives. The first constitute a majority of the white population of South Africa, and have all the unpleasant idiosyncrasies of both Briton and Boer—arrogance, conceit, absurd bigotry, and race hatred against all Uitlanders of any nationality whatsoever. They are divided as to sentiment, and will side with both combatants, as their bread may happen to be buttered.

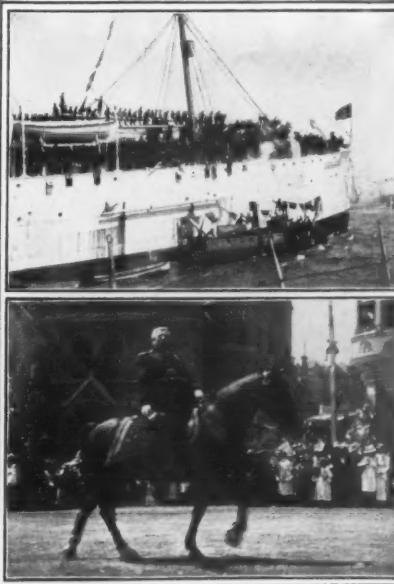
What the Orange Free State will do is uncertain, but the thought of self-preservation is apt to cause it to side with the Transvaal. For, if the Transvaal loses, then the Orange Free State will be absorbed in the new colonial empire.

Perhaps the most serious phase of the whole affair is the attitude of the natives, who outnumber the whites by a hundred to one. Remembering the thousand and one wrongs and cruelties perpetrated upon them in the name of civilization, they will retaliate in kind and with interest.

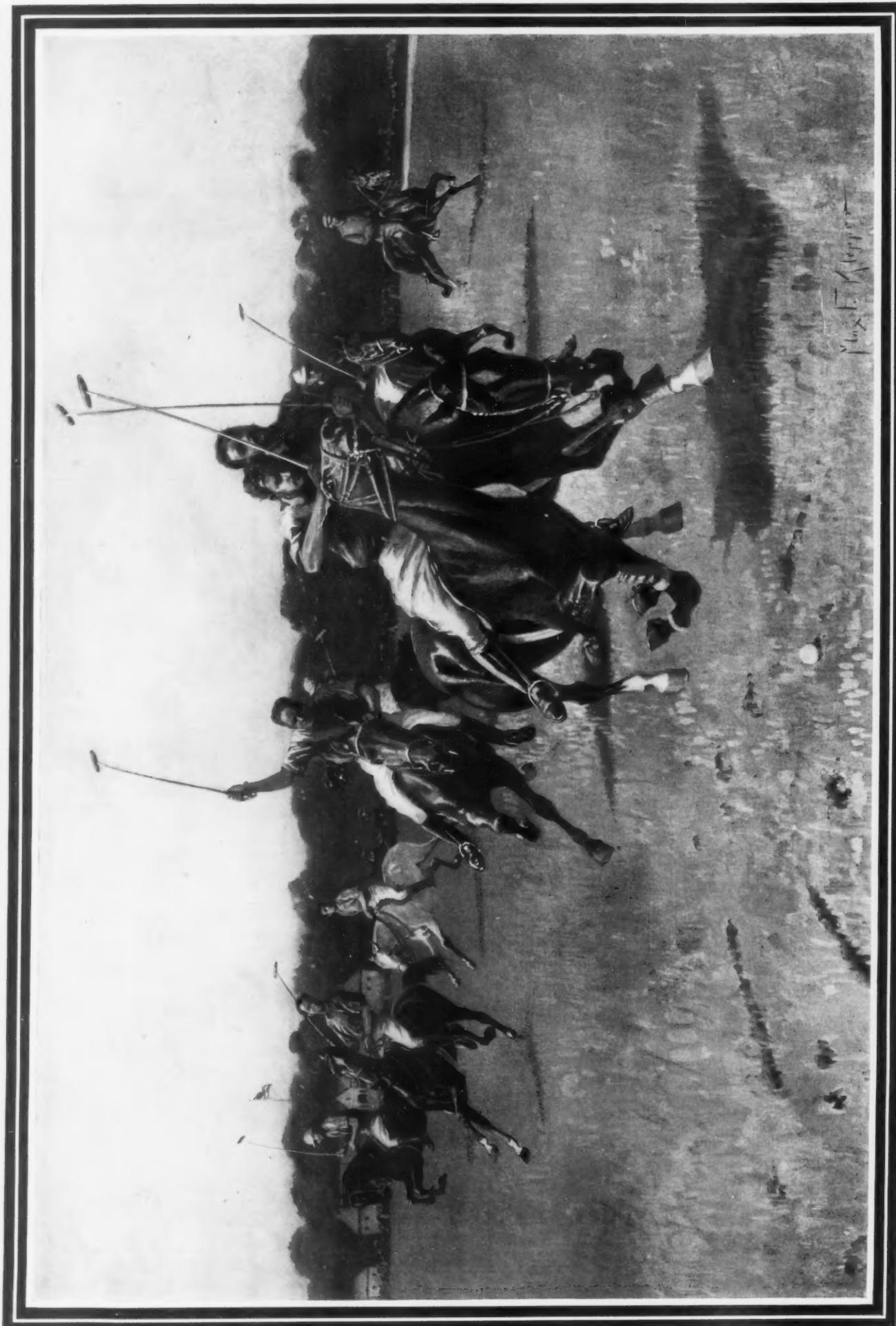
The moment hostilities are under way, the Matabeles, their hereditary enemies, the Mashonas, the Basutos, the Bechuanas, the Swazies, the Amatongas, the Zulus, and the eleven hundred other tribes supposed to exist somewhere in South Africa, will do a little "civilizing" on their own account. They will attack the outlying towns like Lydenburg, Mafeking, Rustenburg, Barberton, and those in the Zoutpansburg, just so soon as the white troops have gone to the front. Then the world will be shocked again by atrocities akin to those of the Indian Mutiny.

And now to sum up: England has unlimited means, men and arms. But she must transport her troops seven thousand miles to the scene of action, for those in the country at this time are utterly inadequate to cope with the situation. She must also ship her commissariat and ammunition the same distance. Her cavalry horses, and most of her soldiers, are unused to the climate, and, still less, to the Indian style of fighting of the Boers.

The latter will be outnumbered, but they know every inch of the country, and are seasoned men. They control the water supply of the enemy and hold the base of supplies. And, above all, they firmly believe they are fighting for their native land—for their wives and children—for their independence!

THE TRANSPORT "SHERMAN"  
PROCEEDING UP THE BAYGEN. SHAFTER ACKNOWLEDGING  
THE SALUTES OF THE SPECTATORS

mounting at least fifty Gatling guns, besides the heavy artillery mounted in the forts at Pretoria and Johannesburg. The Boers are well mounted on "salted" horses



**SPORTS OF THE SEASON**

THE POLO CHAMPIONSHIP AT PROSPECT PARK,  
BROOKLYN, SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH AND  
TWENTY-THIRD · DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.



SPORTS OF THE SEASON

CRUISING IN LONG ISLAND SOUND • AFTER-  
NOON TEA ABOARD A STEAM YACHT DURING  
THE REGATTA • DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT.

# THE PRICE OF THE GRIND-STONE—AND THE DRUM

By GILBERT PARKER  
AUTHOR OF "THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY"  
ETC., ETC.  
PICTURES BY  
A. S. HARTRICK



E LIVED in the days of Ismail the Khedive, and was familiarly known as The Murderer. He had earned his name, and he had no repenance. From the roof of a hut in his native village of Manfaloot he had dropped a grindstone on the head of Ebn Mahmoud, who contended with him for the affections of Ahessa, the daughter of Haleel the barber, and Ebn Mahmoud's head was flattened like the cover of a pie. Then he had broken a cake of dourla bread on the roof for the pigeons above him, and had come down grinning to the street, where a hesitating mounted policeman fumbled with his weapon, and four ghaffirs waited for him with their nebbots.

Seti then had weighed his chances, had seen the avenging friends of Ebn Mahmoud behind the ghaffirs, and therefore permitted himself to be marched off to the mudirich, where the Mudir glared at him and had him loaded with chains and flung into the prison, where two hundred convicts matched themselves against myriad tribes which, killed individually, made a spot no bigger than a threepenny-bit. But the carnage was great, and though Seti was sleepless night after night it was not because of his crime. He found some solace, however, in provoking his fellow-prisoners to assaults upon each other; and every morning he grinned as he saw the dead and wounded dragged out into the clear sunshine.

The end to this came when the father of Seti, Abou Seti, went at night to the Mudir and said deceitfully:

"Saadat, by the mercy of Heaven I have been spared even to this day; for is it not written in the Koran that a man shall render to his neighbor what is his neighbor's? What should Abou Seti do with ten feddans of land, while the servant of Allah, the Saadat Insagi, lives? What is honestly mine is eight feddans, and the rest, by the grace of God, is thine, O Saadat."

Every feddan he had he had honestly earned, but this was his way of offering backsheesh.

And the Mudir grew angry and said: "No better are ye than a Frank to have hidden the truth so long and waxed fat as the Nile rises and falls. The two feddans, as thou sayest, are mine."

Abou Seti bowed low, and rejoined: "Now shall I sleep in peace, by the grace of Heaven, and all my people under my date-trees—and all my people," he added, with an upward look at the Mudir.

"But the rentals of the two feddans of land these ten years—thou hast eased thy soul by bringing the rentals thereof."

Abou Seti's glance fell and his hands twitched. His fingers fumbled with his robe of striped silk. He cursed the Mudir in his heart for his bitter humor; but was not his son in prison, and did it not lie with the Mudir whether he lived or died? So he answered:

"All-seeing and all-knowing art thou, O Saadat, and I have reckoned the rentals even to this hour for the ten years—fifty piastres for each feddan!"

"A hundred for the five years of high Nile," interposed the Mudir.

"Fifty for the five lean years, and a hundred for the five fat years," said Abou Seti, and wished that his words were poisoned arrows, that they might give the Mudir many deaths at once. "And may Allah give thee greatness upon thy greatness, Saadat!"

"God prosper thee also, Abou Seti, and see that thou keep only what is thine own henceforth. Get thee gone in peace!"

"At what hour shall I see the face of my son alive?" said Abou Seti in a low voice, placing his hand upon his turban in humility.

"To-morrow at even, when the muezzin calls from the mosque of El Hassan, be thou at the west wall of the prison by the Gate of the Prophet's Sorrow, with thy fastest camel. He shall ride for me through the desert even to Farafreh, and bear a letter to the bim-



COVERED WITH DESERT SAND AND BLOOD, AND FIGHTING AND RAGING AFTER THE MANNER OF A SIKH

THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF POWERFUL SHORT STORIES BY THIS WRITER, WHICH WILL APPEAR IN COLLIER'S WEEKLY

ever was was to be; and Seti had a good digestion, which is a great thing in the desert. Moreover, he had a capacity for foraging—or foray. The calmness with which he risked his life for an onion or a waterbag would have done credit to a prince of buccaneers. He was never flustered. He had dropped a grindstone on the head of his rival, but the smile that he smiled then was the same smile with which he suffered and forayed and fought and fledged in the desert. With a back like a wall, and arms as long and strong as a gorilla's, with no moral character to speak of, and an imperturbable selfishness, even an ignorant Arab like Seti may go far.

More than once his bimbashi drew his sword to cut him down for his peaceful, insolent grin when he was suddenly charged with very original crimes; but in each case the officer put his sword up again, because he remembered that though Seti was the curse of the regiment on the march, there was no man like him in the day of battle. Covered with desert sand and blood, and fighting and raging after the manner of a Sikh, he could hold ten companies together like a wall against a charge of Dervishes. The bimbashi rejoiced at this, for he was a coward; likewise his captain was a coward, and so was his lieutenant: for they were half Turks, half Gippies, who had seen Paris and had not the decency to die there. Also it had been discovered that no man made so good a spy or envoy as Seti. His gift for lying was inexpressible: confusion never touched him; for the flattest contradictions in the matter of levying backsheesh he always found an excuse. Where the bimbashi and his officers were afraid to go lest the bald-headed eagle and the vulture should carry away their heads as titbits to the Libyan hills, Seti was sent. In more than one way he always kept his head. He was at once the curse and the pride of the regiment. For his sins he could not be punished, and his virtues were of value only to save his life.

In this fashion, while his regiment thinned out by disease, famine, fighting, and the midnight knife, Seti came on to Dongola, to Berber, to Omdurman, and he grinned with satisfaction when he heard that they would make even for Kordofan. He had outlived all the officers who left Manfaloot with the regiment save the bimbashi, and the bimbashi was superstitious and believed that while Seti lived he would live. Therefore no clansman ever watched his standard flying in the van as the bimbashi—from behind—watched the long line of Seti slaying, and heard his voice like a brass horn above all others shouting his war-cry.

But at Omdurman came Seti's fall. Many sorts of original sin had been his, with profit and prodigious pleasure, but when he went through Omdurman levying a tax, by the supposed orders of the bimbashi, upon every dancing girl in the place, and making her pay upon the spot, at the point of a merciless tongue, he went one step too far. For his genius had preceded that of Selamlik Pasha's, the friend of the Mouftishat at Cairo, by one day only. Selamlik himself had collected taxes on dancing girls all the way from Cairo to Omdurman, and to be hoisted by a fellah in a foot regiment with no authority and only a limitless insolence was more than the Excellency could bear.

To Selamlik Pasha the bimbashi hastily disowned all knowledge of Seti's perfidy, but both were brought out to have their hands and feet and heads cut off in the Beit-el-Mal, in the presence of the dancing girls and the populace. In the appointed place, when Seti saw how the bimbashi wept—for he had been to Paris and had no Arab blood in him; how he wrung his hands—for had not absinthe weakened his nerves in the *cafés* of Saint Michel!—when Seti saw that he was no Arab and was afraid to die, he told the truth to Selamlik Pasha. He even went so far as to offer to tell the pasha where half his own ill-gotten gains were hid, if he would let the bimbashi go. Now Selamlik Pasha was an Egyptian, and is it not written in the Book of Egypt that no man without the most dangerous reason may refuse backsheesh? So it was that Selamlik talked to the Ulema, the holy men, present, who urged him to

So it was that the broad-shouldered Seti went to be a soldier, with all the women of the village wailing behind him, and Ahassa his wife covering her head with dust and weeping by his side as he stepped out toward Dongola. For himself, Seti was a philosopher; that is to say, he was an Arab of the Arabs. What-

clemency, as holy men will, even in Egypt—for a price.

So it was that the bimbashi, with all his limbs intact, went back to his regiment. Seti and the other half of his ill-gotten gains were left. His hands were about to be struck off, when he realized of how little account his gains would be when the vultures visited him an hour later; so he offered them to Selamlik Pasha for his life. The pasha promised, and then, having found the money, determined to proceed with the execution. For his anger was great. Was not the idea of taxing the dancing girls his very own, the most original tax ever perpetrated in Egypt? And to have the honor of it filched from him in Omdurman by a soldier of Manfaloot—not! Mahomed Seti should be crucified!

And Seti, the pride and the curse of his regiment, would have been crucified between two palms on the banks of the river had it not been for Fielding Bey the Englishman—Fielding of St. Bartholomew's—who had burned gloriously with the idea of reforming the army of Egypt, and had had it burned bitterly out of him en route from Cairo to Omdurman. Fielding Bey saved Seti, but not with backsheesh.

Fielding intervened. He knew Selamlik Pasha well, and what was the secret of his influence over him is for telling elsewhere. But whatever its source, it gave Mahomed Seti his life. It gave him much more, for it expelled him from the Khedive's army. Now soldiers without number gladly risking death had deserted from the army of the Khedive, they had bought themselves out with enormous backsheesh, they had been thieves, murderers, panderers, that they might be freed from service by some corrupt pasha or bimbashi; but no one in the knowledge of the world had ever been expelled from the army of the Khedive.

There was a satanic humor in the situation pleasant to the soul of Mahomed Seti, if soul his sub-consciousness might be called. In the presence of his regiment, drawn up in the Beit-el-Mal, before his trembling bimbashi, whose lips were now pale with terror at the loss of his mascot, Mahomed Seti was drummed out of line, out of his regiment, out of the Beit-el-Mal. It was *opera bouffe*, and though Seti could not know what *opera bouffe* was, he did know that it was a ridiculous fantasia, and he grinned his insolent grin all the way, even to the corner of the camel-market, where the drummer and the sergeant and his squad turned back from furthering a disgrace they would gladly have shared.



SO IT WAS THAT THE BROAD-SHOULDERED SETI WENT TO BE A SOLDIER, WITH . . AHASSA HIS WIFE COVERING HER HEAD WITH DUST AND WEEPING BY HIS SIDE

Left at the corner of the camel-market, Mahomed Seti planned his future. At first it was to steal a camel and take the desert for Berber. Then he thought of the English doctor, Fielding Bey, who had saved his life.

Now, a man who has saved your life once may do it again; one favor is always the promise of another. So Seti, with a sudden inspiration, went straight to the house of Fielding Bey and sat down on his mat.

With the setting of the sun came a clatter of tins and a savory odor throughout Omdurman to its furthest precincts, for it was Ramadan, and no man ate till sunset.

Seti smiled an avid smile, and waited. At last he got up, turned his face toward Mecca, and said his prayers. Then he lifted the latch of Fielding's hut, entered, eyed the medicine bottles and the surgical case with childish apprehension, and made his way to the kitchen. There he foraged. He built a fire; his courage grew, he ran to the bazaar, and came back with an armful of meats and vegetables unpaid for.

his seat and made no remarks. From sheer instinct, however, when he came to the coffee he threw a boot which caught Mahomed Seti in the middle of the chest, and said "roughly,

"French, not Turkish, magnon!"

Then Mahomed Seti grinned, and he knew that he was happy; for it was deep in his mind that that was the Englishman's way of offering a long engagement.

In any case Seti had come to stay. Three times he made French coffee that night before it suited, and the language of Fielding was appropriate in each case. At last a boot, a native drum, and a wood sculpture of Pabst the lion-headed goddess, established perfect relations between them. They fell into their places of master and man as accurately as though the one had smitten and the other had served for twenty years.

Still, Seti, a crafty man and shrewd, waited. "Not in a day may one judge the future," said he. "Besides, these magic bottles are not human."

The only acute differences they had was upon two points—the cleaning of the medicine bottles and surgical instruments, and looting. But it was wonderful to see how Mahomed Seti took the kourbash at the hands of Fielding, when he shied at the medicine bottles. He could have broken, or bent double with one twist, the weedy, thin-chested Fielding. But though he saw a deadly magic and the evil eye in every stopper, and though to him the surgical instruments were torturing steels which the devil had forged for his purposes, he conquered his own prejudices so far as to assist with a plied yet sinister smile in certain bad surgical cases which came in Fielding's way on the journey down the Nile from Omdurman. And these were not infrequent.

The looting was a different matter. Had not Mahomed Seti looted all his life—looted from his native village to the borders of Kordofan?

Did he not take to foray as a wild ass to berserim? Moreover, as little Dicky Donovan said humorously yet scornfully when he joined them at Korosko: "What should a native do but loot who came from Manfadot?" which did not add to Fielding's opinion of Dicky, for he called him a silly ass; and that from a man six-foot-two to one five-foot-one was strongly contemptuous.

Dicky had a prejudice against The Murderer, because he was a murderer; and Mahomed Seti viewed with scorn any white man who was not Fielding; much more so one who was only five feet and a trifle over. So for a time there was no sympathy between the two. But each conquered the other in the end. Seti was conquered first.

One day, with a sudden burst of generosity—for little Dicky Donovan had a button to his pocket—Dot, as Fielding called him, gave Mahomed Seti a handful of cigarettes. The next day Seti said to Fielding: "Behold, effendi, God has given thee strong men for friends. Thou hast Mahomed Seti!"—his chest blew out like a bellows—"and thou hast Donovan effendi!" So Dickey was received into the guild of men.

Fielding grunted. He was not a fluent man, save in forbidden language, and Seti added:

"Behold thou, effendi, who opens the body of a man and turns over his heart with the point of a sword, and sewing him up with silken cords bids him live again, greatness is in thy house! Last night thy friend, Donovan effendi, gave into my hands a score of those cigarettes which are like the smell of a camel-yard. In the evening, having broken bread and prayed, I

sat down at the door of the barber in peace to smoke, as becomes a man who loves God and His benefits. Five times I puffed, and then I stayed my lips, for why should a man die of smoke when he can die by the sword? But there are many men in Korosko whose lives are not as clean linen. These I did not love. I placed in their hands one by one the cigarettes, and with their blessings following me I lost myself in the dusk and waited. So it came to me to do."

Mahomed Seti paused. On his face was a smile of sardonic retrospection.

"Go on, you fool!" grunted Fielding. "Nineteen sick men, unworthy followers of the Prophet, thanked Allah in the mosque to-day that their lives were spared. Donovan effendi is a great man and a strong, O Saadat! We be three strong men together!"

Dicky Donovan's conversion to a lasting belief in Mahomed Seti happened at a skirmish a year later. The thing happened at a little sortie from Korosko.



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

## "MY OFFICERS A

ADMIRAL DEWEY PROPOSES A TOAST TO CAPTAIN LAMBERTON AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "OLYMPIA"  
ROOM, AFTER THE CRUISER HAD LEFT GIBRALTAR ON

LLIER'S WEEKLY



## S AND FRIENDS!"

E "OLYMPIA" WHO SERVED UNDER HIM AT MANILA, AT A FAREWELL DINNER IN THE ADMIRAL'S DINING  
RALTAR ON THE LAST LEG OF HER HOMeward VOYAGE

Fielding was chief medical officer, and Dicky for the moment was unattached. When the time came for starting, Mahammed Seti brought round Fielding's horse and Dicky Donovan's.

Now, be it remembered, Mahammed Seti loved a horse as well as a Bagarra Arab, and he had come to love Fielding's waler Bashi-Bazouk as a Far-shoot dog loves his master. And Bashi-Bazouk was worthy of Seti's love. The sand of the desert, Seti's breath and the tail of his yelek made the coat of Bashi-Bazouk like silk. It was the joy of the regiment, and the regiment knew that Seti had added a new chapter to the Koran concerning horses, in keeping with Mahomet's own famous passage:

"By the chargers that pant,  
And the hoofs that strike fire,  
And the scourers at dawn,  
Who stir up the dust with it,  
And cleave through a host with it!"

But Mahomet's phrases were recited in the mosque, and Seti's as he rubbed Bashi-Bazouk with the tail of his yelek.

There was one thing, however, that Seti loved more than horses, or at least as much. Life to him was one long possible Donnybrook Fair. That was why, although he was no longer in the army, when Fielding and Dicky mounted for the sortie he said to Fielding:

"Oh, brother of Joshua and all the fighters of Israel, I have a booted Arab. Permit me to ride with thee!"

And Fielding replied: "You will fight the barnyard fowl for dinner; get back to your stewpots!"

But Seti was not to be fobbed off.

"It is written that the Lord, the Great One, is compassionate and merciful. Wilt thou then, O Saadat?"

Fielding interrupted: "Go, harry the onion-field for dinner. You're a dog of a slave, and a murderer too; you must pay the price of that grindstone!"

But Seti hung by the skin of his teeth to the fringe of Fielding's goodness—Fielding's words only were sour and wrathful. So Seti grinned and said: "For the grindstone, behold it sent Ebn Mahmoud to the mercy of God. Let him rest, praise be to God!"

"You were drummed out of the army. You can't fight," said Fielding again; but he too was smiling grimly under his long mustache.

"Is not a bootted man sufficient shame? Let thy friend ride the booted mag and pay the price of the grindstone and the drum," said Seti.

"Fall in!" rang the colonel's command, and Fielding, giving Seti a friendly kick in the ribs, galloped away to the troop.

"By the chargers that pant—" murmured the assaulded one.

Seti turned to the little onion-garden. His eye harried it for a moment, and he grinned. He turned to the doorway where a stewpot rested, and his mind dwelt cheerfully on the lamb he had looted for Fielding's dinner.

But, in the end, last of all, his eye rested upon his booted Arab, the shameless thing in an Arab country, where every horse rears his tail as a peacock spreads his feathers, as a marching Albanian lifts his foot. The booted Arab's nose was up, his stump was high. A hundred times he had been in battle; he was welted and scarred like a shoemaker's apron. He snorted his cry toward the dust rising like a surf behind the heels of the colonel's troop.

iron-handed, razor-toothed shrew, struck and bit his way, his eyes blood-red like Seti's. The superstitious Dervishes fell back before this pair of demons; for their madness was like the madness of those who at the Dossah throw themselves beneath the feet of the Sheikh's horse by the mosque of El Hassan in Cairo. The booted Arab's lips were drawn back over his assaulting teeth in a horrible grin, as it were. For to him this was the desired life.

And Seti grinned too, the grin of fury and the grin of death.

Fielding did not know how it was that, falling wounded from his horse, he was caught by strong arms as Bashi-Bazouk cleared him at a bound and broke into the desert. But Dicky Donovan, with his own horse lanced under him, knew that Seti made him mount the booted Arab with Fielding in front of him, and that a moment later they had joined the little band retreating to Korosko, having left sixty of their own dead on the field, and six times that number of Dervishes.

It was Dicky Donovan who cooked Fielding's supper that night, having harried the onion-field and fought the barnyard fowl, as Fielding had commanded Seti.

But next evening at sunset Mahammed Seti came into the fort, slashed and bleeding, with Bashi-Bazouk limping heavily after him.

Fielding said that Seti's was a good old game for which V.C.'s were the reward, to run terrible risks to save a life in the face of the enemy; but heretofore it had always been the life of a man, not of a horse.

To this day the Gippies of that regiment still alive do not understand why Seti should have stayed behind and risked his life to save a horse and bring him wounded back to his master. But little Dicky Donovan understood, and Fielding understood; and Fielding never afterward mounted Bashi-Bazouk but he remembered.

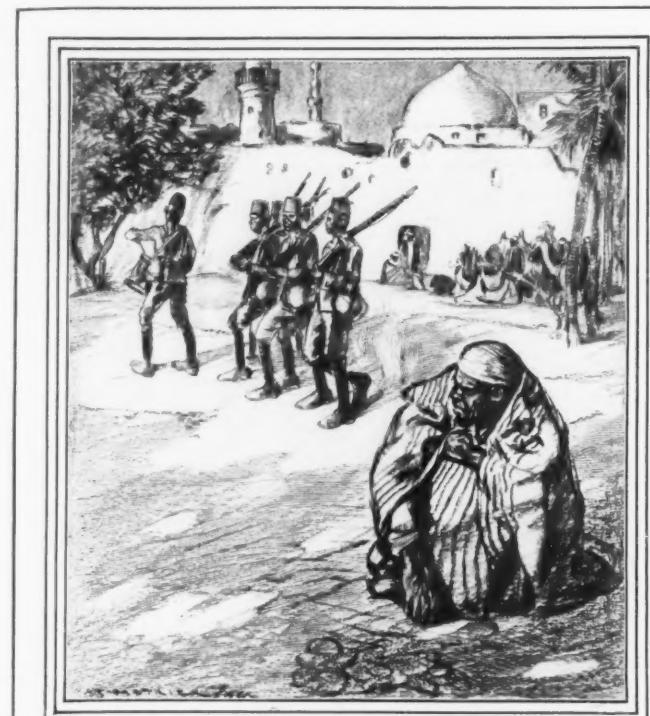
It was Mahammed Seti who taught him the cry of Mahomet:

"By the Chargers  
that pant,  
And the hoofs that  
strike fire,

"And the scourers at dawn,  
Who stir up the dust with it,  
And cleave through a host with it!"

And in the course of time Mahammed Seti managed to pay the price of the grindstone and also of the drum.

THE END



LEFT AT THE CORNER OF THE CAMEL-MARKET MAHOMMED SETI PLANNED HIS FUTURE

Suddenly Seti answered the cry—he answered the cry and sprang forward.

That was how in the midst of a desperate melee twenty miles away, on the road to Dongola, little Dicky Donovan saw Seti riding into the thick of the fight armed with a neboot of dom wood only, his call, "Allah Akbar!" rising like a hoarse-throated bugle, as it had risen many a time in the old days on the road from Manfaloot to Omdurman. Seti and his booted Arab, two shameless ones, worked their way to the front.

And not Seti's strong right arm and his neboot alone were at work, but the booted Arab, like an



AT SUNSET MAHOMMED SETI CAME INTO THE FORT, SLASHED AND BLEEDING, WITH BASHI-BAZOUK LIMPING HEAVILY AFTER HIM

## SEAMAN O'SHAY OF THE "OREGON"

IT WAS while the special squadron was steaming along toward the lonely Galapagos Islands, The sky was brilliant with stars, the Southern Cross lay sidewise, high in the blue astern, and the Dipper, bottom up, pointed straight downward at the north star, still below the horizon. Light airs touched one softly, and the good ship moved so steadily and noiselessly through the water that at times it seemed as if the engines must have stopped. Four bells had just gone; the lookout's hail had passed from post to post; the boatswain's mate had called "Relieve the wheel and lookouts"; the gunners' mates had reported the magazines and battery; the carpenter's mate the sounding of the wells, and the corporal of the guard the lights and prisoners secure. The officer of the deck compared the steering compass with the standard, and things settled down quietly once more. He turned to the lookout on the pilot-house, whose voice he had recognized:

"It is a fine night, O'Shay."

"It is that, sorr, as foine a noight as Oi have seen for a long toime."

"Have you ever been much in these waters before, O'Shay?"

"Oi was sixteen times around the Hoorn in sailin' ships before Oi joined the navy, sorr."

"Well, one ought to be able to save money on a trip like that. How long did it take?"

"The shortest trip Oi made was from Portland to Glasgow in one hundred and twenty-eight days; but the boarding-house keepers got all it all. When the crew got paid off they'd be feeling poorly from nothing to eat so long, and have no strength, and in a few days, somehow, they'd be in debt to the boarding-house keeper, and have to ship again. Why, Oi was on wan ship where for four months Oi ate nothin' but hardtack an' water. They sweetened the tay an' coffee with molasses, an' Oi never could bear that, so Oi let it alone. On an' a French bye on board were the only ones that didn't get the scurvy; they was all black an' blue with it, an' one day the first mate—he was related to the owners—said he: 'O'Shay, how is it you don't have the scurvy?' an' Oi told him."

"What did you tell him?"

"Well, you see, the hard bread was bad, and the captain had had it rebaked in Mauritius, but it had got mouldy again in the tanks. So Oi never eat none of it before Oi had scrubbed it and baked it over again at the

galley. Ah! that was a hard ship; the mate couldn't ship out of a United States port; Oi guess he must have murdered some one. We had only been three days at sea when a bye fell off the mizzen topsail yard and broke something inside—anyway he died two days after—an' the mate cursin' him for his noise. Oi kept quiet, but Oi heard the mate tell a boy to get a bucket of water over the side, an' we going along at ten knots, an' Oi says: 'You won't ask the bye to do that, sorr?' An' he says: 'Hold your tongue, you'll be thinkin' you're captain next.' Well, the boy got out in the chains an' hove over his bucket, an' when it struck the water it whisked him right after it, and that was the last we saw of him. Finally Oi left the ship in Sydney; but our consul there wouldn't give me a permit to ship on an English ship so long as there were any American ships in port, an' Oi had had enough of them. A good American ship is like a hotel, there's nothin' finer; an' there's nothin' worse than a bad one."

"What did you do then?"

"Oi went up into the country an' became a coal miner."

"Well, that wasn't a very good change, I should think."

"It was not," said the old man emphatically, "so I went to sea again."

"Why didn't you settle down out here on the Pacific Coast?"

"Well, sorr, you see in the days when money come easy out here, Oi spent four years in California on ranches. Why, Oi'd get a dollar for making a single eye splice anywhere, and there was often two or three jobs like that in a day; but it was all along of my mother in Dublin. She couldn't bear the idea of never seeing me again an' so Oi kept on going to sea an' turnin' up every now an' then at the ould place, an' so the good times went by."

"I suppose you thought the navy was a better place than the merchant service?"

"It is that, sorr; anybody can go to sea in the navy now. In the ould days it was different. Now ther's no masts nor any riggin', an' no need o' sailors nor all, at all. I'm thinkin' most o' them wouldn't take kindly to anything above th' fighting top. Ay, but they're good men in the navy yet. They're fightin' min, an' Oim thinkin' that's more needed thin lime-juicers. Thankye, sorr! That's a fine-lookin' seegar!"

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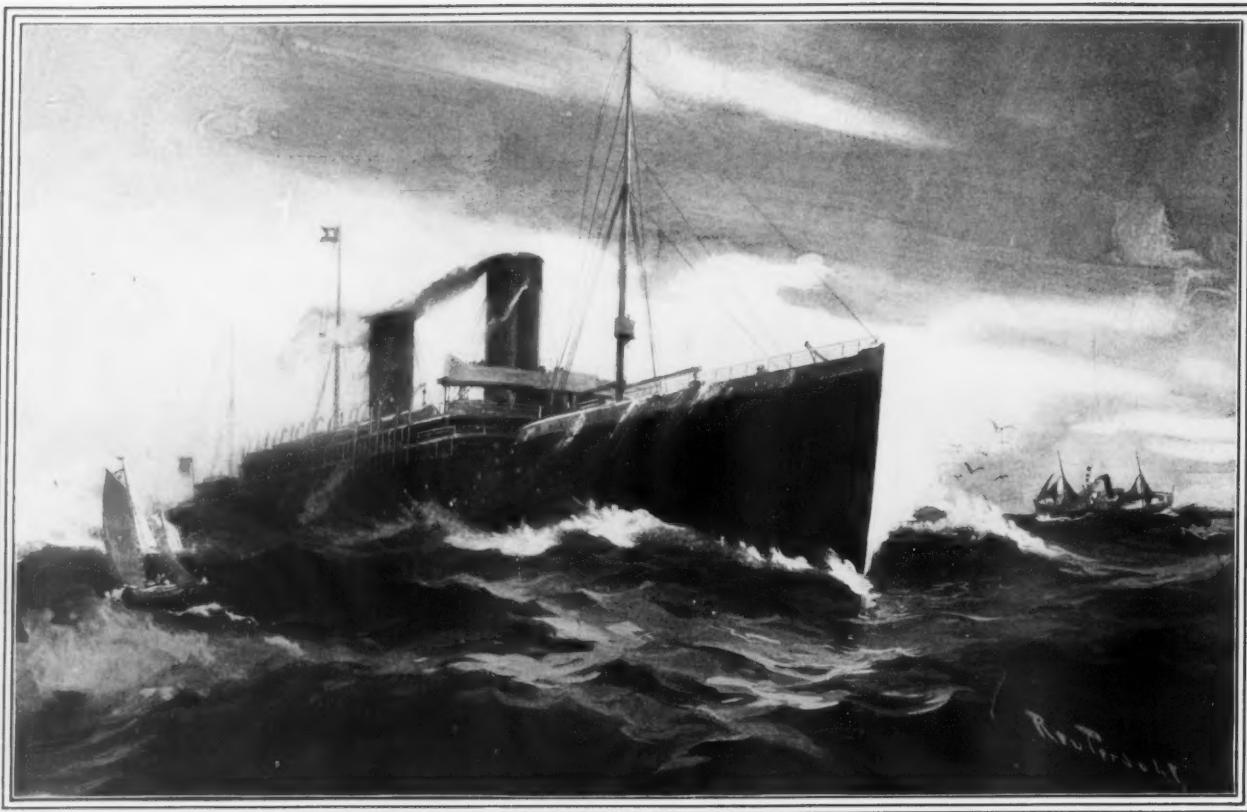
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DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL

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## LONDON LETTER

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 6, 1899

**M**R. CHAMBERLAIN'S Birmingham speech adds fuel to flame. It makes the admirers of that gentleman, who are all of the can't-stand-it-any-more type, feel less like standing it than ever; and it pierces with fresh shafts of pity the souls of those who regard President Krüger and his embattled Burghers as now fully justified in firing a shot heard round the world. But alas, if heard round the world, who will particularly heed it? "Shall I weep if a Poland fall, shall I shriek if a Hungary fail?" sings the poet. And nations as a rule are no less unneighborly than the misanthropic young man in "Maud." Still, Mr. Chamberlain points to "an eleventh hour" for Krügerian acceptance of terms which he persists in calling moderate and reasonable. There is hope for the sinner in Sir Alfred Milner's face at Bloemfontein, lo, even for him there is chance of redemption. So at least says the Colonial Secretary, but for reply he to-day receives nothing more promising than a fiery speech from General Joubert at Johannesburg. What, meanwhile, in a nutshell, are the grievances of the Uitlanders? Overtaxing of dynamite; the murder of Edgar; the Amphitheatre meeting; the Aliens' law; police inefficiency; educational shortcomings; dependent conditions of the courts; illegal traffic in liquors; chronic hostility against the English language; the press law; and, lastly, the uncertainty of all legislation, viewed in its present peril of being changed at any time by the dictate of a single Chamber. This list will be found in Sir Alfred Milner's Blue Book of June. One point has surely been well taken by those who condemn President Krüger's course. It is contended (and why not most fairly?) that if English subjects denationalize themselves and become Transvaal burghers, they will prove as earnest and faithful citizens as they have always proved under like circumstances elsewhere. Beyond doubt a vast array of precedent could be brought to sustain this plea. Well, there is one who has his "eleventh hour" to weigh it in, before the bombs above Pretoria begin to scream and snarl.

At length a little rain has fallen in London and the surrounding country. Precious little, however, it has proved, and the parched earth, could she have an opinion, would probably say that it might as well have rained literal pitchforks or cats and dogs, for all the real dampness resultant. There is no sensationalism in the slowly-broadening assertion that a horrible water-famine must soon arrive; for the Lea and Thames are both drying up, and all the deep wells besides. But in most tragic affairs a spark of comedy larks. Recently a man appeared at the Mayor's Court in response to a judgment summons for non-payment of £10 3s. and 9d. This sum was due from him to a widow named Mrs. Carter. The defendant stated that his impecuniosity was entirely owing to the drought. He was in the water-proof business, which included umbrellas. Had he been able to deal also in sunshades

it would have made a world of difference. The judge remarked that everybody was praying for rain, though perhaps when it came it would be so welcome that no one would feel like repulsing it with water-proofs. However, the defendant should have six weeks' grace. At the end of that time he must pay the widow five shillings of his debt, though it was devoutly to be hoped that of London skies would by then pour down copious floods, filling his shop with eager customers, and his pockets with rain-drops transformed to shekels,

Chinese women, of all worms in the world, are beginning to turn. The wife (we are not told which wife) of Shen Yeo Ching, attaché of the Chinese legation, is just now living in a London suburb. The interviewer has invaded her. She toddled amiably into the room on her deformed feet, and was soon asked, with curious cruelty, whether she took long walks among the adjacent hills! "I can only walk a few steps at a time," said Mrs. Shen Yeo Ching; and then added that she always had to be taken about on a chair. Further questioned, she informed her polite persecutor that the feet of all Chinese female babies are bound, in China, from their birth, except those of the Manchus. It wasn't a religious superstition, she explained; it was a prejudice, and one possibly a thousand years old. Millions of girls had for centuries been made to suffer from it, and were suffering still. Could nothing be done, came the inquiry, to lessen so stern an evil? "Yes," the Chinese lady replied; "our Anti-Footbinding Society has achieved excellent work, and we hope that the practice will in time become unpopular." This is enough to wring from the doughtiest foe of imperialism humane groans of concession!

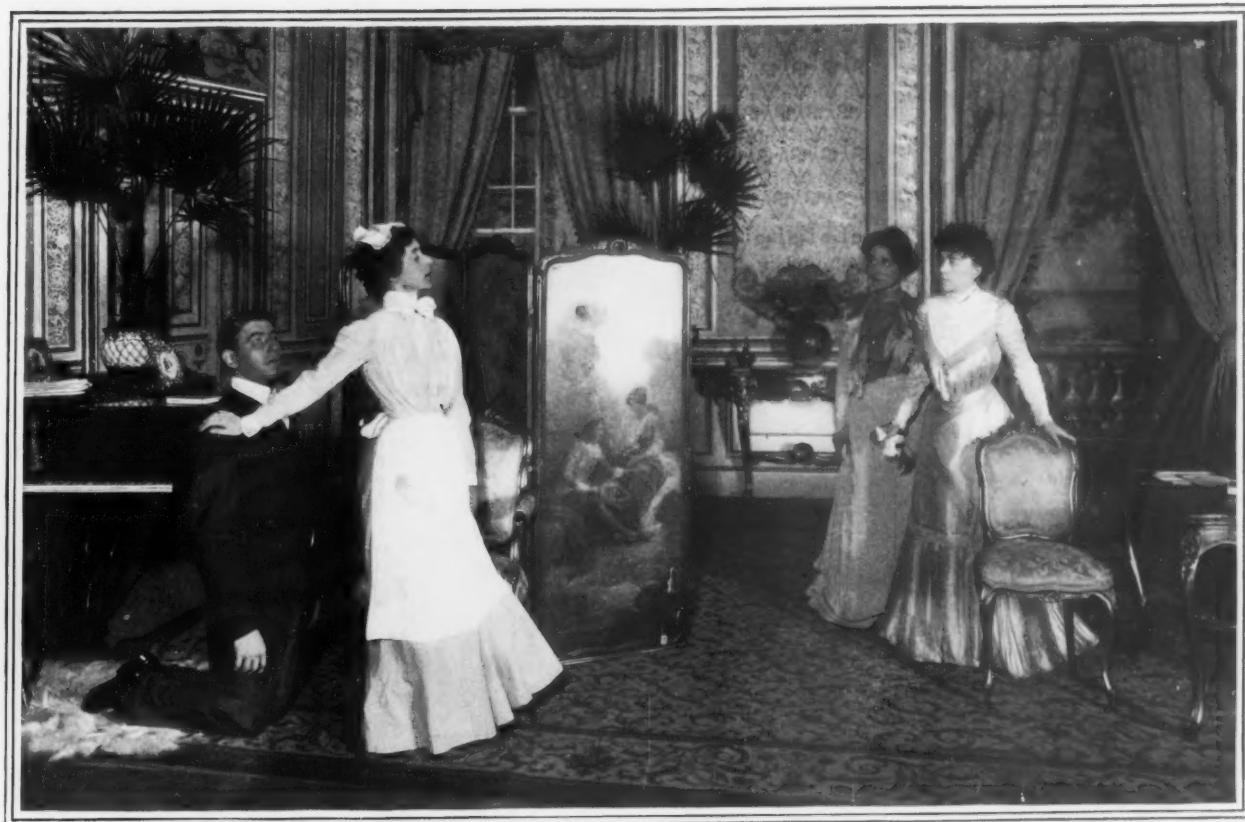
Kensington Palace, closed for so many years, is now open to the public, who daily throng its many memorable chambers. It is an ugly red-brick structure, overlooking the noble elms and oaks which tower from the spacious turfage of Kensington Gardens. Here, on May 24, 1819, Queen Victoria was born; here, in 1836, she first met Prince Albert, her future husband; and here, less than a month later, she received (at five o'clock in the morning) the news that King William IV. had died at Windsor and that she was now the sovereign of England. Though the exterior of the palace, as many Americans now know, is dismal, its various apartments are replete with interest and charm. I perceived, however, that the portraits of kings and queens, of royal dukes and duchesses, won slighter heed than a pair of glass cases containing toys with which the queen amused herself when a little girl. "One touch of nature," says Ulysses to Achilles, in the Shakespearian play.

The vaccination craze has subsided in London, though the absurd laws passed by Parliament on this most vital and serious of subjects are being carried out with that fidelity of execution which renders their future collapse a hopeful outlook. But surely the pinnacle of nonsense, with regard to this whole fad, was surveyed, not long ago, by Mr. Fordham, a North London magistrate. This official was visited by a man who desired that his child should be exempted from

vaccination. On such occasions you are easily let off, if provided with a "reason," and all sorts of flimsy reasons are promptly accepted. That of the present applicant was unique. He has a brother who squints. It was evidently on his mind that the lymph might develop some nepotistic squinting tendency in his offspring. Mr. Fordham quashed the plea, although I doubt not that certain of his brother judges (in the existing state of ludicrous prejudice) would have stultified themselves by granting it.

"Prince" Lobengula of the Greater Britain Exhibition now in progress at Earl's Court, Kensington, has married a Miss Jewell, who may or may not be a gem of purest ray serene, but who has gone with her new lord and master to the dark unfathomed wilds (not caves, let us hope) of his native African clime. The "Prince" is perhaps royal enough, though minus any subjects of even a nude and befeathered sort. But more audacious marriages have been contracted than even that of Miss Jewell, who is not, I believe, a lady of pronounced social status. The late Earl of Stamford, however, was. Before inheriting the family title, and during his long residence in South Africa, he married a Hottentot woman, who bore him a daughter, but no son. The earl never returned to England, but is buried near Cape Town, not far from Mr. Cecil Rhodes' residence of Groot Shuur. If the earl's child had been a son the body of British hereditary legislators would have been somewhat embarrassingly increased. Many of its members may have deserved the epithet of "off color," but this is the sole case in which it has been threatened by the addition of a mulatto peer.

Apropos of things heraldic, they have just discovered an underground passage below the far-famed Tower, which (as nearly everybody knows) is really a collection of towers all grouped together on a bank of the Thames. One of these is called the Bloody Tower, and under this the new-found passage winds, not high enough for a man to stand erect in it, dripping with moisture, and strewn here and there with strange old Norman mementos. These are few, and mostly of broken pottery, though two or three cannon-balls of iron, lead and stone have been lighted on! For centuries—very probably three, at the least—this secret way has remained sealed from mortal knowledge. You have almost to crawl through it before you reach the dungeon whither it leads. And then you realize what scenes of anguish have here occurred. In the first volume of Macaulay's wonderful history he mentions how the Duke of Monmouth's body was conveyed after execution to a small chapel on the green. The name of this chapel is, if I mistake not, St. George's, and to-day you cannot enter it except by special permission. "Thither," says the great historian, "have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of jailers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who have been captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts." This ghastly oblique is probably just beneath the chapel to which, with such thrilling eloquence, Macaulay refers. EDGAR FAWCETT.



MISS ANNIE RUSSELL IN "MISS HOBBS," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE. SCENE FROM ACT III.

## THE DRAMA

THE THEATRICAL SEASON opened unusually early this year. First came the preliminary season in August, with such ephemeral productions as "The Girl from Maxime's," "A Little Ray of Sunshine," and "Why Smith Left Home." The real opening, however, did not take place till early September, when Mr. Charles Frohman presented Miss Annie Russell at the Lyceum Theatre in "Miss Hobbs," by Jerome K. Jerome, a piece never tried in England and first tried in America on this occasion.

The programme announced "Miss Hobbs" as "a comedy." This was a mistake, for it proved to be a familiar kind of farce. Where there is doubt, an author would do better to announce his work by its less ambitious name. It would be a pleasant surprise to find a piece billed as a farce turning out to be a comedy; but it is disturbing to find a so-called comedy developing into a farce. Mr. Jerome, however, began frankly enough. In the first act, his characters dashed in and dashed out in a wildly farcical manner. Mrs. Gilbert was the first important figure to appear, and she came tripping over a rug or some other obstacle. She speedily characterized herself as the kind-hearted and shrewd old maiden aunt of a foolish and quarrelsome young couple with the absurd name of Kingspearl. These two people soon proceeded to wrangle over "Miss Hobbs—Miss Henrietta Hobbs." It appeared that Miss Hobbs was a young woman who prided herself on her advanced views, by which she had succeeded in making Mrs. Kingspearl rebel against the authority of her husband. She had also caused an estrangement between a charming girl, Millicent Farey, and her boyish and silent admirer, George Jessop. Before the act was half over, Mrs. Kingspearl had flounced off the scene declaring that she would no longer endure her husband's tyrannies and would go and pay a visit with her beloved Miss Hobbs. Then Kingspearl's handsome cousin, Wolff Kingspearl, appeared in the person of Mr. Richman. On hearing of the state of affairs in the household, Wolff resolved to tame the shrew, and a few moments later found himself confronted with the shrew herself, who had come to call on her dearest friend and who took him for her dearest friend's husband, whom, oddly enough, she had never seen. Now, of course, you have grasped the thread. Wolff, astonished and delighted on finding Miss Hobbs not to be the she-dragon in looks that he had imagined, proceeded to flirt. Then followed a remarkable scene. Without even being introduced, he addressed her in the most familiar manner, pretended to mistake her for a maid-servant, asked her which was her "day out," and, though supposed by the author to act as an amusing and whimsical gentleman, really conducted himself like a blackguard. "Very offensive dialogue," remarked a voice behind me at this juncture; and the audience sat in ominous silence. But Miss Hobbs was not offended. Oh, no. She entered into the spirit of the joke, made an appointment with Wolff for a meeting at her house, where he was to appear as a "pianotuner," and sailed away. At the close of the act I

looked at my companion with bewilderment. "Are these English manners?" he said, and then we both remembered that Wolff Kingspearl had made a reference to himself which showed that he was an American. We looked at our programmes for a clew. We found none. Then we looked at each other again. "Local color ignored," my companion remarked sententiously. It was not until late in the evening that we discovered

lured him on to make love, till he sank on his knees before her. Then she summoned Mrs. Kingspearl and exposed the monster. Naturally, the tables were turned and she found herself in what was designed to be a ludicrous position, but really wasn't. The whole episode missed fire and left the audience with a dazed feeling, with the consciousness that all the dramatist's artifice had failed to achieve anything effective or amusing. For the third act Mr. Jerome had hit upon a setting that was novel and ingenious. The action passed in the cabin of a yacht, not far from shore. The scene was extremely realistic and pretty, with its furnishings and its shining brasses and its curtained portholes. Here, by a series of impossible contrivances, the dramatist brought Miss Hobbs on board and left her alone with Wolff. Then the young man convinced her that they were shut in by the fog (you could see through the portholes that the weather was perfectly clear), that they were drifting out to sea, and might be forced to remain together for several days. He also ordered her to make a fire with her own hands, cook chops and coffee for him, and then he lectured her on the folly of her notions about life and on the true duty of woman. It was all supposed to be a huge joke, but it displayed only the worst of taste on the part of the author. Wolff's deception was soon discovered, and according to the beautifully reasonable convention of the hack dramatists, Miss Hobbs left him completely infatuated. There is no need of explaining how they apparently drifted apart in the final act, only to come suddenly together for life, and how all of the malign influences of Miss Hobbs were dissipated in the union of three pairs of hearts.

As Miss Annie Russell was the "star," her performance ought perhaps to be mentioned first. But it was by no means the best performance. To be frank, the part of Miss Hobbs did not suit Miss Russell; she was too fine for it, too subdued in manner, too gentle in speech. Even in the earlier scenes she did not for one instant even suggest strong-mindedness. Then, too, she was unable to put animal spirits into the character; she made it lachrymose. She showed, however, her usual fineness of method, which gives to everything she does an interest and charm. The greatest artistic success was won by Mrs. Gilbert, who far outdistanced every one else on the stage by her authority, her resource, and her personal humor. She is a great artist, and Mr. Frohman must congratulate himself on having secured her services. Mr. Richman played his impossible part better than he has played anything else since he appeared several years ago as the ardent young Irishman in "Number Nine" at Daly's. He seems to be acquiring more ease and something like finish; but he has no temperament, without which all the training in the world will not make an artist. Mrs. Bloodgood astonished every one by the skill with which she played the best part she has yet had, Mrs. Kingspearl. Mr. Johnson injured his impersonation of the husband, which he had judiciously thought out, by persistently over-acting. In the character of the dull-witted young lover, Mr. Wheelock repeated the wooden performance that he gave of the jockey last season in "Lord and Lady Algy." Many people thought that he was amusing. Miss Morrison made the colorless part of Miss Farey attractive by her personal graces and by her direct and graceful acting.

JOHN D. BARRY.

that Mr. Jerome was writing about our own country, which, so far as we could discover, he had never visited.

In the next act we were taken to the bachelor-home of Miss Hobbs. It opened with a very dull scene between the hostess and her two guests, Mrs. Kingspearl and Miss Farey, both of whom were pining away, one for her husband, the other for her lover. Wolff Kingspearl soon appeared and was received by Miss Hobbs in a delicious pink and white servant's dress, with cap to match. It was all the prettiest masquerade, you know. But it fell flat. That audience was altogether too sophisticated for such child's play. Miss Hobbs, still believing that Wolff was her friend's wicked husband,



MISS ANNIE RUSSELL





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Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"



MANY false impressions prevail regarding the origin of the America's Cup—that time-honored trophy for which the yachts *Columbia* and *Shamrock* are to contest on October 3, 5, 7, and perhaps on October 9 and 11, if extra races are necessary.

Ask the first man you meet what the America's Cup is, where it is, and what it's worth, and ten to one he'll say: "Oh, I guess it's an old silver mug that the Queen gave away back in 1851, for a lot of yachts to race for, and our yacht *America* won it easily."

That is a fair sample of the extent of the layman's knowledge of the history of the cup, so it will be the purpose of this article, among other things, to make clear many controverted questions that surround the history of the cup, and the races that have been sailed for it from time to time.

In the first place, the America's Cup is not, and never was, a Queen's Cup; that is to say, it was not the property of the Queen at any time and was never offered by her. Its original name was the Hundred Guinea Cup. It was made by Garrard of London in 1851, and sailed for and won that year by the yacht *America* by twenty minutes in a race lasting 10 hours, 37 minutes around the Isle of Wight, starting from Cowes.

The cup was offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron to be sailed for in their regatta of August 22 open to all nations. *America* sailed against the cutters *Volante*, *Arrow*, *Alarm*, *Monte*, *Bacchante*, *Freak* and *Eclipse*, and the schooners *Beatrix*, *Wyvern*, *Jone*, *Constance*, *Gypsy Queen* and *Brilliant*. The latter was a three-masted schooner.

The same schooner yacht *America*, which won the cup in 1851, raced from port to port last month with the fleet of the New York Yacht Club, and made better time in a breeze than some of the schooners in her class.

Rigged in 1851 like a pilot-boat, with no fore-topmast, and a big jib, she crossed the Atlantic from New York to Havre in seventeen days—better time than *Shamrock* made, for it took her sixteen days, and she was towed a great portion of the way across. At that time *America* was owned by Commodore John C. Stevens, Edwin A. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, J. Beckman Finley and George L. Schuyler. Paul Butler is her present owner.

The cup itself is stowed away in a specially made case, and the case rests in one of Tiffany's safe-deposit vaults, from which it is never taken except on an order from the officers of the New York Yacht Club—it custodians—when it is shown, perhaps, to favored few or at a club dinner. This trophy is of beautiful proportions, with a curved lip, and a handle that is made up of a series of scrolls. It weighs one hundred and thirty-four ounces, and is twenty-seven inches high; it has a circumference of thirty-six inches at the centre, and of twenty-four inches at the base. Five hundred and five dollars was the original cost of the cup.

Upon the six large shields encircling the cup is told in brief the history of the contests sailed for it.

### INSCRIPTIONS ON THE AMERICA'S CUP

The following are the inscriptions on the shields:

#### 100 Guinea Cup

won  
August 22d 1851 at Cowes, England,

By Yacht "America"

at the

Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta

"Open to all Nations"

Beating

Cutters	Schooners
<i>Volante</i> 48 tons	<i>Beatrix</i> 161 tons
<i>Arrow</i> 84 "	<i>Wyvern</i> 205 "
<i>Alarm</i> 193 "	<i>Jone</i> 75 "
<i>Monte</i> 82 "	<i>Constance</i> 218 "
<i>Bacchante</i> 80 "	<i>Gypsy Queen</i> 160 "
<i>Freak</i> 60 "	<i>Brilliant</i> 392 "
<i>Eclipse</i> 50 "	

Schooner *America*, 170 tons. Commodore John C. Stevens. Built by George Steers of New York 1851.

Presented to the New York Yacht Club as a Challenger Cup, open to all foreign clubs, by the owners: John C. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, George L. Schuyler, J. Beckman Finley, Edwin A. Stevens.

Challenged to be sailed for over New York Yacht Club course, August 8, 1870, by Mr. James Asbury, with schooner yacht *Cambria*, representing Royal Thames Yacht Club; *Cambria* beaten in the following order by schooner-yachts *Magic*, *Idler*, *Sleve*, *America*, *Diamond*, *Madgie*, *Phantom*, *Alice*, *Halycon*.

October 16, 1871. Schooner *Livonia* (James Asbury, Esq., owner) vs. schooner *Columbia* (Franklin Osgood, Esq., owner); *Columbia* winner by 27m. 4s.; N. Y. Y. Club course.—

October 18, 1871. Schooner *Livonia* vs. schooner *Columbia*; *Columbia* winner by 10m. 33s.; outside course.—October 19, 1871. Schooner *Livonia* vs. schooner *Columbia*; *Livonia* winner by 15m. 10s.; N. Y. Y. Club course.—October 21, 1871. Schooner *Livonia* vs. schooner *Sappho* (William P. Douglas, Esq., owner); *Sappho* winner by 30m. 21s.; outside course.—

October 23, 1871. Schooner *Livonia* vs. schooner *Sappho*; *Sappho* winner by 25m. 27s.; N. Y. Y. Club course.

August 16, 1876. Schooner *Countess of Dufferin* (Charles Gifford, Esq., owner) vs. schooner *Madeleine* (John S. Dickerson, Esq., owner); *Madeleine* winner by 10m. 59s.; N. Y. Y. Club course.—August 12, 1876. Schooner *Countess of Dufferin* vs. schooner *Madeleine*; *Madeleine* winner by 27m. 14s.; outside course.—November 9, 1881. N. Y. Y. Club course; sloop *Mischief* beat sloop *Atlanta*, Bay of Quinte Yacht Club (Canada), 28m. 39s.—November 10, 1881. Sixteen miles to leeward from Buoy 5, Sandy Hook, and return; sloop *Mischief* beat sloop *Atlanta* 38m. 54s.

The following inscriptions are on the small panels of the cup under the large shields:

September 14, 1885. N. Y. Y. Club course; sloop *Puritan* beat cutter *Genesta*, Royal Yacht Squadron of England, 16m. 19s.—September 16. Twenty miles to leeward of Sandy Hook lightship and return; sloop *Puritan* beat cutter *Genesta* 1m. 38s.

September 9, 1886. N. Y. Y. Club course; sloop *Mayflower* beat cutter *Galatea*, of Royal Northern Yacht Club of Scotland, 12m. 28s.—September 11. Twenty miles to leeward of Sandy Hook lightship and return; sloop *Mayflower* beat cutter *Galatea* 28m. 59s.

September 27, 1887. N. Y. Y. Club course; sloop *Volunteer* beat cutter *Thistle*, of Royal



THE AMERICA'S CUP



"SHAMROCK" WITH WIND ABEAM



SIR THOMAS LIPTON



"SHAMROCK" RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND

Clyde Yacht Club of Scotland, 19m. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.—September 30. Twenty miles to windward from Scotland lightship and return; sloop *Volunteer* beat cutter *Thistle* 11m. 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

October 7, 1893. Sloop *Vigilant* (N. Y. Y. Club), cutter *Valkyrie* (R. Y. Squadron), fifteen miles to leeward and return; *Vigilant* won by 5m. 48s.—October 9. A triangle, ten miles to a leg; *Vigilant* won by 10m. 35s.—October 13. Fifteen miles to windward and return; *Vigilant* won by 40s.

1895. *Defender* (N. Y. Y. Club), *Valkyrie III.* (R. Y. Squadron). September 7. Course fifteen miles to windward; *Defender* won, 8m. 49s.—September 10. Course triangle thirty miles; *Valkyrie III.* disqualified.—September 12. Course fifteen miles to windward; *Defender* won; *Valkyrie III.* withdrew. Time of race 4h. 43m. 43s.

In 1857 the owners of *America* decided to make the trophy won in English waters a perpetual challenge cup, for friendly competition between foreign countries. It was offered to, and accepted by, the New York Yacht Club, under the condition that any organized yacht club of any foreign country should always be entitled, through any one or more of its members, to claim the right of sailing a match for the cup, with any yacht or other vessel of not less than thirty or more than three hundred tons, measured by the custom-house rule of the country to which the vessel belonged. The challenging club was bound to give six months' notice in writing, fixing the day they wished to start. Moreover, it was to be distinctly understood that the cup was to remain the property of the club, and not of the members of the owners of a vessel winning it in a match.

What is now known as the new deed of gift was made on October 24, 1887, the New York Yacht Club having returned the cup to the only surviving donor—George L. Schuyler—and he having in turn reconveyed it to the club. This deed had a number of new clauses, the principal ones being that the challenger should sail against a yacht or vessel "propelled by sails only, and constructed in the country to which the challenging club belongs, and against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the country of the club holding the cup."

It also stipulated that the length of single-masted vessels should be not less than sixty-five nor more than ninety feet on the load water-line; if of two masts, the yachts must not be less than eighty nor more than one hundred and fifteen feet long. Centreboard vessels were always to be allowed to compete for the cup, and the challenging yacht must proceed under sail, on her own bottom, to the port where the contest is to take place.



CAPT. J. W. ELDREDGE, PILOT OF "COLUMBIA"

match, in which case, also, the ten months' notice may be waived.

The wisdom of this latter clause became apparent at once, for letters were received by the New York Yacht Club from the Royal London Yacht Club, and from the Yacht Racing Association, representing the principal yacht clubs of Europe, regretting that they were unable to challenge because of the terms of the new deed of gift. It was therefore agreed at a meeting of the

club that the terms under which the races between *Genesta* and *Puritan*, *Galatea* and *Mayflower*, and *Thistle* and *Volunteer* were sailed, were considered satisfactory to the club, and that a challenge under those terms would be accepted, but with the positive understanding that if the cup was won by the club challenging it should be held under and subject to the full terms of the new deed, dated October 28, 1887, inasmuch as the club believed it to be in the interest of all parties and the terms of which were distinct, fair and sportsmanlike.

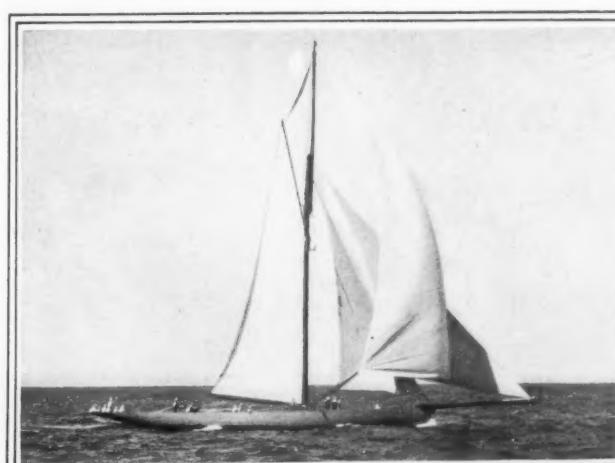
Many of the old conditions have been waived in the coming contest, the committee from the challenging club—the Royal Ulster—having met the America's Cup Committee last winter and arranged all preliminaries of the races. The courses, for instance, of late years, instead of being twenty miles to leeward or windward and back, have been reduced to fifteen miles to windward or leeward and return, on the first day, a triangular course of ten miles to the leg, on the second day, the first day's course repeated on the third day, the second day's course on the fourth, and the first day's course on the fifth day, if so many races are required to decide the winner, for it is the best three races out of five that win the cup. One day will elapse between races, to give each yacht time to rest her crew or to repair any damages.

The start between *Columbia* and *Shamrock* will be made each day either from the Scotland or the Sandy Hook Lightship. This will depend entirely upon the direction of the wind that morning. The start will be made each day at as near 11 A.M. as possible.

The America's Cup Committee is appointed by the New York Yacht Club, after a challenge has been received. They meet or correspond with the challenging club's committee, after the challenged club has accepted the challenge, and arrange all details of the races. The America's Cup Committee this year is composed of the following yachtsmen: Commodore John Pierpont Morgan, Vice-Commodore Lewis Cass Leddyard, Secretary J. V. S. Oddie, Treasurer F. W. J. Hurst, August Belmont, Edward M. Brown, Edwin D. Morgan, Jr., Henry F. Lippit.

The actual management of the races, with their many perplexing details, is intrusted to the Regatta Committee of the club—Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane (chairman), Chester Griswold, and Irving Grinnell. These experienced yachtsmen will probably be stationed on board Commodore J. P. Morgan's steam yacht *Cornair*, the flagship of the club, which usually establishes the start and finish line by anchoring near whichever lightship it has been decided to start from. The lightship forms the other end of the imaginary line.

JAMES C. SUMMERS.



"SHAMROCK" WITH SPINNAKER SET



"SHAMROCK" BEATING TO WINDWARD ON PORT TACK

**REMARKABLE WEIGHT-THROWING** Our two formidable weight throwers, Flanagan and Sheldon, took the opportunity of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club carnival at Bayonne of tossing the weights and the discus in even a more remarkable manner than ever. Especially was this true of Flanagan, who was permitted to use the English system of throwing the hammer from a nine-foot circle, a practice which also prevails in Ireland; and, with this additional distance, he threw the 16-pound hammer 164½ feet.

J. C. Coffey of the Knickerbocker, and Chadwick of the New York Athletic Club, were also on hand, and in throwing from the ordinary circle they both eclipsed the figures made by Boal in the Oxford-Cambridge Yale-Harvard games in London; and it will be remembered that there Boal was so much better than the English university men as to be in another class.

The records in this all-round weight-throwing contest are worth preserving, and it is seldom that one sees four such magnificent examples of physical strength.

Throwing 16-pound hammer from seven-foot circle, scratch.—Won by John Flanagan, New York A. C., with 157 feet 10 inches; J. C. Coffey, Knickerbocker A. C., second, with 148 feet 4 inches; Charles Chadwick, New York A. C., third, with 139 feet 10 inches.

Throwing the 56-pound weight, scratch.—Won by John Flanagan, New York A. C., with 33 feet 2½ inches; Richard Sheldon, New York A. C., second, with 32 feet 3 inches; J. C. Coffey, Knickerbocker A. C., third, with 29 feet 2 inches.

Throwing the discus, scratch.—Won by Richard Sheldon, New York A. C., with 111 feet 11½ inches; John Flanagan, New York A. C., second, with 103 feet 4½ inches; J. C. Coffey, Knickerbocker A. C., third, with 94 feet 1 inch.

Putting the 16-pound shot, scratch.—Won by Richard Sheldon, New York A. C., with 45 feet 10 inches; John Flanagan, New York A. C., second, with 39 feet 4 inches; Charles Chadwick, New York A. C., third, with 31 feet 6 inches.

**FOOTBALL PROSPECTS AT NEW HAVEN** There has been a general decrease in the quantity of satisfactory material

For some three or four years now of building up each year a lot of green men into fairly satisfactory timber has been lost sight of in the exigencies of the moment, and when the critical time has come it has been necessary to use men, not because they were the best that could be made, but because the time had been expended upon them, and they were the only ones who possessed experience. In no branch has this been more marked than in football. In several instances the effect of the faculty, that a man who is to take up any athletic sports must have a stand of 2.25 (which is considerably above the standard required of the men as a body), has taken away, at the last moment, good men who had been counted upon, and thus very lack of trained material behind them has made it impossible to satisfactorily fill the vacancies so occasioned. There has been a general drifting into this situation, and while it has been the fault of no particular captain or coach, it has been the misfortune under which they all have suffered, and which has made the work particularly hard. This season there were a good many hopes cherished, and occasionally expressed, that the material would be far more plentiful and above the average. It was believed that Yale had two ends who, when in condition, as they certainly were not last year, would be the equal of any ends on the gridiron. The old story is likely to repeat itself, however, for it is understood that these men are both below the limit placed by the faculty. How many other men that have been counted upon are affected no one yet knows. But this loss is a hard one for Captain McBride to shoulder at the outset. Of the material in the line, Brown, the guard, is, of course, the most reliable. Among the candidates for positions in the line are McConnell, Stillman and Wilbur, three good men if properly developed. Cunha, the freshman centre and catcher on the freshman ball nine, is also counted upon, and is likely to make a good try for the middle position. Yale realizes the necessity of building up a strong line, but feels particularly the fact that the education has been chiefly neglected in developing the kicking game and handling the ball;



STAGG, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO'S COACH AND PHYSICAL DIRECTOR

for last season it was fumbling and lack of individual skill that cost her most severely. Sullivan or Ely will be counted upon to fill the position of quarter, and the latter's work in part of the Princeton game and the Harvard game last year showed that he has unlimited pluck and that the men have confidence in him. Dupee, who went with the track team to England, will be added to his work of last season, ought to help out beling the line very much.

But when everything is said and done the problem in New Haven resolves itself back once more into the question of the development of the secondary material, the making up of the men who form the second eleven and the substitutes, the educating of the freshmen and the green men. When a guard plays daily in practice



ELY, YALE'S QUARTER-BACK, COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH PROTECTIVE APPLIANCES

against a man weighing 180 pounds, who has little or no experience, and no one to teach him, that guard usually has a rather easy time, and is perhaps deceived by his own play in the belief that he is able to get through, to make openings, and to block, in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. Then comes the day of the big game, and this guard has opposed to him, instead of a man of 180 pounds, entirely inexperienced and subject to no coaching, a man of 195 or 200, hard as iron, who has played the position two or three years, enjoyed the most expert coaching, and who has been particularly instructed, trained and developed for this match. Is it any wonder that the whole situation is changed, and the guard who has been playing against the inexperienced 180-pound man finds himself outclassed and practically put out of the game? This is

equally true of any position in the line. A man must have a good opponent, and that opponent must be well coached, in order to make the first eleven turn out anything like up to the standard; and it is in this respect that Yale has lamentably failed for the last few years.

To keep the men in condition, and see that their injuries are properly attended to, and that the best is made out of them, "Jim" Robinson, the old Princeton trainer, who afterward went to Cambridge, and who has for some years now been in other lines, has been engaged at New Haven, and will have the men in charge. Robinson's forte used to be, when he was at Princeton, getting the men into good shape for the critical game, and the Yale men hope for the same result from his work at New Haven. The coaching of the team will probably be in the hands of Mr. Rodgers, the captain of the team two years ago, and the coach of the last two freshman crews. If he does take charge, it is certain that the development of the team will be marked, and that the spirit will be a great feature. Mr. Rodgers has always been able to instill in the men he has handled a "do or die" feeling that rouses them work up to the very limit, and enables them in the day of contest to do better than they have ever done in practice. This trait is one that counts for a good deal in football, and one for which many other points may well be sacrificed. In addition to this, Mr. Rodgers is a close and careful student of the game, and has not only had experience as a player, but as a captain, so that his assistance will be to McBride of the greatest value. As Mr. Rodgers was a tackle when in college, it is probable that this point in the line will be well developed, and it is here that Yale needs development very much, especially if she is to stop Harvard's plays this season.

The one thing that seems to be counted upon by Yale men, both at New Haven and elsewhere, most strongly is the fact that almost never in the history of the game or other sports have Yale's opponents been able to defeat her two years in succession. They instance the fact that Princeton in '96 won, and that everything pointed to another victory by Princeton in '97. But, for all the odds, Yale turned the tables and won the match. This belief and confidence has been fostered, it is true, by experience, but there has been a reason behind which accounted for the results, and that reason lay in the constantly progressing development of material at New Haven. And it is this that Yale must begin again if she is to regain her position and prestige, not indeed for this season, but even for future years. For many seasons Harvard has been defeated by Yale, although the Cambridge eleven showed up as far superior to Yale in the middle of the season. This is only another instance of the development of material at New Haven and the value of such a course. Harvard two years ago began to realize this, and for the first time determined to secure a fixed policy, and to wait, if it was necessary, two or three years for success. Two years of this fixed policy, governed in the main by the development of a large amount of material, brought Harvard for the first time in a number of years to the front on the gridiron. The same plan in the development of material in rowing has proved equally successful. It is fair to believe that this basis of Harvard's victory is one that will prove unusually hard for Yale to overcome. This Captain McBride realizes, and so probably do the coaches who are likely to assist him this fall.

Harvard enters the game with the prestige that formerly belonged to Yale. The game will be played at Cambridge, and Yale must take a long journey and meet the foe on their own field. Harvard has been looking forward to this match ever since the last one, in which the score was 17 to 0, and there have been men behind their football management who have continually dinned into their ears the great former fault of any organization that won at Cambridge—namely, to become overconfident. Thus, for nearly nine months Harvard has been planning for this game, which takes place at Cambridge in November, while Yale, with thoroughly good intentions, has, nevertheless, waited until the latter part of September before settling down to any definite plan. But for all that, Yale has in Malcolm McBride a captain of such determination and push—a man whom it is so hard to beat—that I look for unusual progress and development during October.

WALTER CAMP.

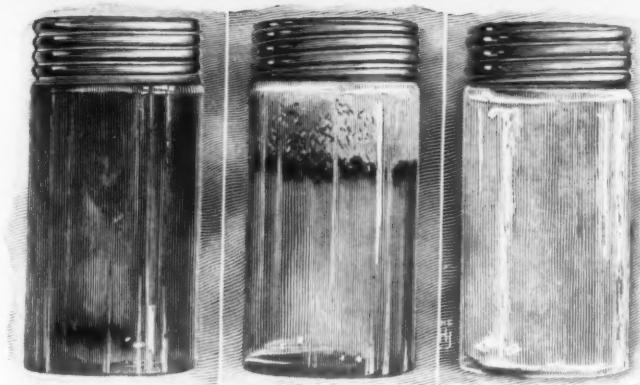


MCBRIDE, CAPTAIN YALE TEAM 1899

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SHELDON, N. Y. A. C., CHAMPION DISCUS THROWER AND SHOT PUTTER

BROWN, GUARD, YALE'S BEST LINEMAN, 1899



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## Forth-coming Numbers

Of COLLIER'S WEEKLY will describe by text and picture the two events of the year in which all Americans are equally interested.

### THE ARRIVAL OF THE ADMIRAL

Will be described by our Special Correspondent, Frederick Palmer, who has accompanied the "Olympia" through the successive stages of her triumphal voyage. The ceremonies of welcome afloat and ashore will be pictured by a brilliant corps of artists and photographers, headed by T. de Thulstrup.

### THE AMERICA'S CUP RACES

Between "Shamrock" and "Columbia" will be graphically described for COLLIER'S WEEKLY by the well-known expert, Commodore J. C. Summers, and strikingly illustrated by drawings by the famous marine artist, H. Reuterdaal, and photographs by staff photographer James H. Hare.

## The Events of the Year



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